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REVERSES.



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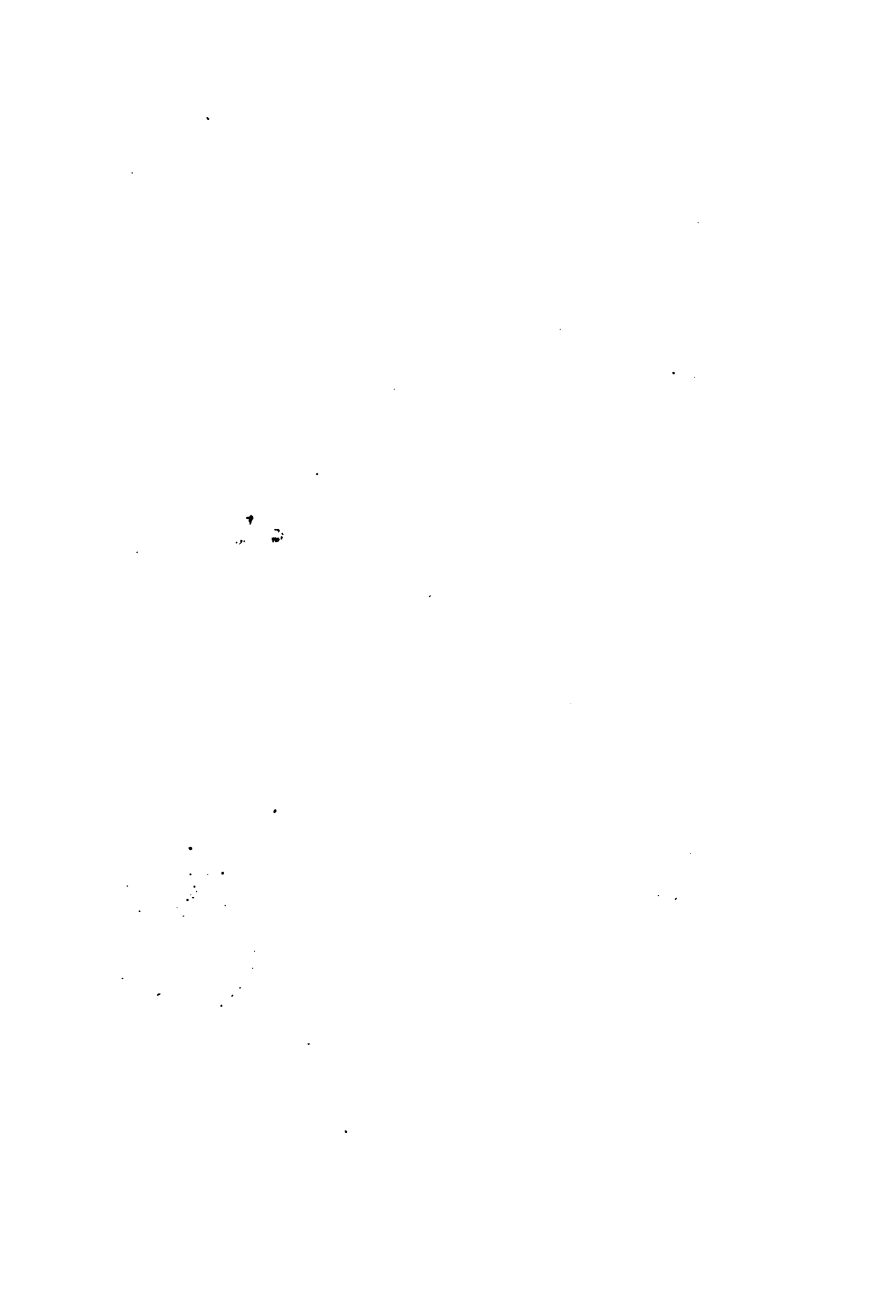


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REVERSES.



Bodleian Library
REVISES;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF THE

FAIRFAX FAMILY.

22

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CONVERSATIONS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST,"

AND THE

"FIRST PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL
BY THE APOSTLES."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.

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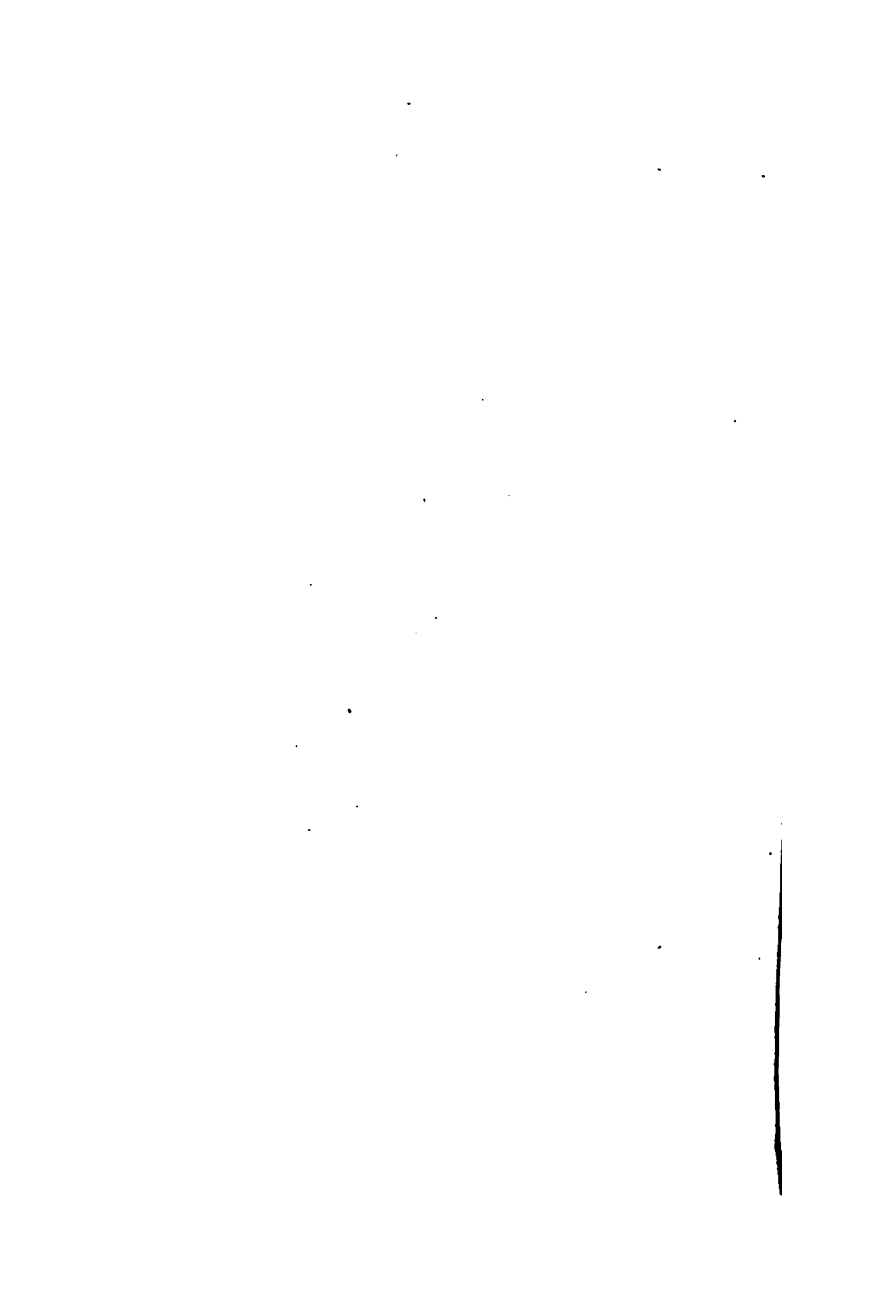
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL.

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REVERSES;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR to the populous village of Stanton, but a little removed from the road, stands the pleasant mansion-house, which, with its woody slopes and winding avenues, is known by the name of the Grove. I remember passing it, in one of my journeys to the north, and admiring its cheerful and picturesque situation. At the period I speak of, it was inhabited by a very happy family, and one much beloved in the neighbourhood,—Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax and their five children; two of whom were boys, and three girls, the youngest an infant.

These little people were brought up under the care of good and kind parents, in habits of obedience and mutual love. They were early made to feel, as a matter in which they had the deepest concern, that they were Christians, and taught to know and love Him whose name they bore.

You must not, however, suppose that these children were naturally unlike others of their age. Their faults varied, indeed, according to the particular character or constitution of each ; but they had the common faults of childhood, the tendencies to evil mixed up with good, which, belonging to our common nature, shew themselves at a very early period of our lives. It was their parents' anxious care to cherish or restrain these tendencies, and, by judicious training, to bend them into the tempers and habits of mind suitable to young Christians and reasonable beings.

One fine day, in the early part of summer, Mrs. Fairfax was seated at her drawing-room window, which opened on the lawn. She was writing, but often laid down her pen to watch the sports of her children, as they tossed about the new-made hay, or followed the creaking waggon and its tottering burden through the adjoining field. It was not long before she

was joined by her eldest little daughter, who running up to the window, called out, "Oh, mamma, I am so tired and so hot; we have been very busy, and now that my haycock is finished, I should like very much to bring a stool and sit down here by you; the geraniums smell so sweet, and you look so comfortable; may I, dear mamma? and then I could look at the others still; but I am afraid you will not let me talk to you, because I see you are busy."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Not very busy; if you have any thing really to say to me, you may speak; if not, sit quiet, or take a book."

Rosalind.—"No thank you, dear mamma, I am so well amused looking at them, and besides, I shall think."

Rosalind's meditations did not last long.

"Now, dear mamma, I have really something to speak about. Mary says, do you know, that she should like to be a haymaker, a real haymaker, only she should want some one to carry home her rake for her; well, haymakers are poor people: now do you know, mamma, that though I like haymaking very much, yet I think it must be a dreadful thing to be poor."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Do you mean, Rosalind, 'by being poor,' being in want of the necessities

of life? *that*, though it is not a worse evil, perhaps, than some of those to which the rich are equally exposed, is certainly very much to be dreaded."

Rosalind.—"Mamma, I do not mean wanting the necessaries of life, I was merely thinking of being in a lowly situation in this world."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Of being born in a low situation, or of falling into one, Rosalind? for what we are born to, if it does not necessarily expose us to pain or other suffering, is generally sufficient to our happiness; and though a person in such a situation may, indeed, wish to improve his circumstances, yet this wish does not usually make him uneasy; it is, on the contrary, a pleasant incitement to labour; and the real treasure—the Christian's hope—is, you know, held out alike to all."

Rosalind.—"Mamma, I believe I was thinking, just then, of *falling* into a lower situation of life, being what would be poor to us, for instance; for I was thinking, that though I like very much to mix with those merry haymakers, and rake up my hay for a little while, I should not like to be obliged to do it all day. In short, mamma, if you were ever to become poor, I am afraid I should be very unhappy."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I hope not, my dear Rosa; I hope to make you so independent in your habits, that if the gifts of Providence should ever be withdrawn from you, there would be as little suffering for you as possible."

Rosalind.—"But, mamma, you know I should lose all my pleasures in that case; and, besides, I really am very helpless and awkward; nurse says so, though you know how very kind she has been in taking pains with me. What could I do? I could not even dress myself, and I am sure I could not help you."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I know that my little daughter is rather lazy, and does not like to do what does not amuse or instruct her, and that, therefore, she is rather more awkward than most other children of her age; but we shall get over this, she has already promised to struggle against this fault."

Rosalind.—"Dear mamma, and so I will. You know, indeed, that I have learned to work at last, tolerably, though I disliked it so much; I am sure I shall never forget nurse's kindness and patience about that; but she said, as you do, that ——." Here they were interrupted by the rest of the merry group, crying "Hay-home, hay-home!" Frank and Mary, with their barrows



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CHAPTER III.

It was late on the following night when Mr. Fairfax arrived. The children were gone to bed; but as soon as he was stirring in the morning, they gathered round him.

"I have brought no presents, dear children," said he, "this time,—nothing but myself."

"And that, my dear papa," said Mary, jumping into her father's arms, "that is what we love better than any thing else." He was then dragged to the nursery, and we will shut the door.

After breakfast Mr. Fairfax called his two eldest children to him. "Rosalind, my dear, and you, Frank," said he, "I want to have some conversation with you." He paused for a moment, and then, drawing them towards him, "Tell me now, dear children—you think yourselves I know, as you are, very happy—have you ever thought what your happiness consists in?"

Rosalind.—"Oh, papa, we know very well;

having you and mamma, whom we love so much, and being taught to know God, and having plenty of every thing we want.”—

Frank.—“ Sisters, and brother,—and our gardens, and toys, and books, and the poney, —and ”—

Mr. Fairfax.—“ Well, you have given reasons enough for being happy, though they are not set quite in the right order. But tell me now, of all these blessings, which could you best do without ? ”

Rosalind and Frank thought a little, and then both cried out at once, “ Oh dear papa, really we could not spare any.”

Mr. Fairfax.—“ That is childish ; suppose, I say, it were the will of Providence that you should have been deprived of some of these blessings, which do you feel you could best have done without ? ”

Rosalind.—“ Why, papa, let me see ; not to have been taught to know and love God would have been dreadful ; to part with you and mamma—

Frank.—“ Oh I cannot bear to think of that even.”

Rosalind.—“ And to be without Mary or Maurice ”—

Frank.—"Or sweet baby,—that would break our hearts."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Well then, dear children, it seems to me that the blessings you could best spare would be your gardens, playthings, poney,—in short, all the luxuries which our station in life has hitherto afforded you. It is well; for it is the will of Providence that you should soon be deprived of these,—of those pleasures, observe, which you find you can best afford to part with."

Frank and Rosalind looked at each other without speaking. Their father continued—"Circumstances, which could neither have been foreseen nor prevented, and which you are not old enough to understand, have deprived me of nearly the whole of my fortune. When my affairs are arranged, I trust that enough will remain to supply the necessities of life,—for its comforts we must look to our own exertions."

Frank and Rosalind.—"Dear papa!"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"After all, my children, we have the blessings we most prize remaining; let us be grateful for these, and not repine at the will of One who knows what is best for us far better than we do ourselves. Now go and take a run in the garden, and then come into my dressing-room."

Frank and Rosalind felt their spirits revive as they got into the open air, and they began to talk.

Rosalind.—"And so, Frank, we shall leave this place, the gardens, the fields, all our pets, I suppose—every thing! What will Mary and Maurice say?"

Frank.—"But what must papa and mamma feel? much more than we can do, Rose."

Rosalind.—"Yes, dear Frank; how selfish I was not to think of them! Papa who was born here, too: and mamma—she must give up her school, and leave her plants. And yet how cheerfully and mildly they take it! But, Frank, did not papa say we should be poor—really poor? and I have always thought how miserable I should be if I fell into poverty. Ah, I remember now, on the day we made our little rick, I was talking to mamma about this very thing; and she said, then, that such an event might happen, even to me. I think what she said did me some good, and made me struggle more against my laziness. Till then I know I had always refused when Lydia offered to teach me to knit—but I have learned at last, and now I am glad of it."

Frank.—"Yes, we must try and do every thing

we can to help papa and mamma. I hope I shall find some way, though I do not exactly see how."

Rosalind.—"I am sure you will, dear Frank, in some way or other,—and now we will go to mamma. But here is Mary crying."

Poor Mary had heard in the nursery a report of something, she scarcely knew what, which had made her very unhappy; and she was looking for Rosalind, to find out from her, whether it was really true that she was to leave her dear home, and every body, and to go into the wide world.

Frank and Rosalind comforted her, and told her that wherever they went, their papa and mamma would go with them, and take care of them. "And Mary," said Frank, "it will really be wicked of us to complain; for you know, whatever we have was given us by God; and we are sure that he takes it back, not because he loves to vex us, but because he loves to make us better. And I think I can see some things already, in which we may be the better for this misfortune; but, however, whether I can see it or not, I am sure it is so, because he loves us."

The little people talked in this pleasant manner together, as they returned to the house; their spirits rose again, and Mary bounded in doors with nearly as light a step as usual.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. and MRS. FAIRFAX were anxious to hasten as much as possible the time of their departure, since they must bid a long farewell to Stanton Grove.

Mr. Fairfax, whose business was likely to engage him frequently in London, before his affairs could be finally settled, had taken part of a small house for his family in the outskirts of that city.

They determined on taking no servants; not even their nurse, whose attachment would have led her to follow them, and share their fallen fortunes. But Mrs. Fairfax was unwilling to involve her in their misfortunes, and it was thought better that she should go and recruit her health in her native village, while Mrs. Fairfax, to soften the bitterness of parting, promised, that should things turn out tolerably for them, she should return; and the children, with whom hope was little less than certainty, were thus led to consider the separation as a short one.

To avoid unnecessary expense, it was agreed between Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, that their only assistance should be the occasional services of the maid belonging to the house they were to lodge at.

Every thing was arranged as speedily as possible for their departure. The servants were paid off, and bustle and confusion took place of cheerful order and tranquillity.

The children, like most other children, loved bustle, and in the amusement it afforded, sometimes lost sight of the painful circumstances which occasioned it.

"May I look over this list, mamma?" said Rosalind, (taking up the list her mamma had been making out of the things they were to take with them.)

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Yes, Rosalind."

Rosalind.—"But it is a very small one. Are we to carry so little away, then?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Our clothes, some of our books, a few things besides, which can be easily carried, and poor Diana. Papa will not part with his favourite Di. The rest must be sold."

Rosalind.—"And the piano, surely you will not let the piano be sold?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"My dear girl, I fear if we took the piano we should have no place to put it in. We are going to as small a house, or rather, part of a house, as can be made to hold us."

Rosalind.—"Oh, dear piano, how shall I part with you! all my music will be forgotten."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I fear it will be so, my love; but this is one of the deprivations you must make up your mind to. If we had a piano, I should have no time to teach you, and we could not afford to pay masters. We will try and make to ourselves pleasures of a different kind."

Rosalind.—"Your pretty writing-table, and book-case, mamma?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Will be parted with, as well as every thing else of an ornamental description."

Rosalind.—"Yet you complain of nothing. I must try and follow your example."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"You shall try to help me now, dear Rosa, that will be good for us both. Fetch out the books you most wish to take, and get Frank to bring his;—here comes Mary with her own and Maurice's. She is only to take two small toys for each of them,

tell her; and remember the lesson books, and small map."

Mrs. Fairfax passed on, and left Mary and Rosalind arranging their little property.

"I am sure," said Mary, "it is very good of mamma to let us take so many things: for look, Rosalind, all that bookcase full is to be sold, and more than half of papa's library besides. I wonder where we are going, and whether we shall have a nice garden."

Rosalind.—"Oh no, Mary. For Frank and I wanted to take our little set of garden tools, and papa said they would be of no use, for that we should have no garden."

Mary.—"No garden! I think we are very much to be pitied, then, I am sure."

Rosalind.—"Oh Mary, we must not talk in this way,—mamma does not say a word of complaint, and I have just promised to try and follow her example, and think of the blessings we have left."

They were here interrupted by Frank, who, running in with a look of consternation, exclaimed—"Oh Rosalind—Mary—what do you think! we are going away to-morrow morning!—yes, really to-morrow morning! Papa came in just now from the court-yard, where there were

crowds of the poor people all come to bid us farewell. He had tears in his eyes, Rosalind, which I never saw before.—‘ Frank,’ he said, seeing that I noticed it, ‘ these are not tears of sorrow, —the gratitude, the kind feeling of my poor neighbours has wrung them from me. With many of them, however, I hope to meet again, though not perhaps in this world.’

“ Yes, Rose, he said this, and he told me I should go to the cottage at the park-wall corner, and take leave of old Thomas, and there I heard that we were going to-morrow morning. Mamma is now going round with papa herself.”

Rosalind.—“ But why did not mamma let me go ?”

Frank.—“ I heard her say, when papa asked for you, that she did not wish to expose you to the pain of parting with so many people. And she told me that she had kept the time of our going a secret, that we might not think of it too long before.”

It was a sad day, though a bustling one, which I have been describing; but it came to an end at last, as all days do, whether of pleasure or of pain.

At a very early hour in the morning, Mrs. Fairfax and four of the children got into the

stage-coach which passed through their village; while Mr. Fairfax took his little son with him on the top, and the favourite Di sprung up after them.

I shall pass over the most painful part of this morning's trial, and only tell you that Rosalind struggled manfully with her feelings, nor struggled in vain.

Mrs. Fairfax sat silently watching her youngest child, a babe of about a year old, who lay sleeping in her arms. When this little creature awoke, all the party were attracted to its pretty ways, and began to forget their own sorrows. Mary noticed the odd kind of carriage they were seated in;—she began also to look out of window and laugh at the thought of Frank's being seated on the roof over their heads. There were many things, too, which amused both sisters as they passed along, and many others to point out to Maurice, who was ready to be delighted with every thing he saw.

They stopped at an inn to dine; and here, too, there was much for our little people, who had never travelled before, to look and wonder at, and talk about.

It was dusk when the coach stopped at the place which they were in future to call their

home. The children were too sleepy and tired to observe any thing. Mrs. Fairfax made it her first care to put her little Flora into the bastinet she had brought with her, and to place it beside her own bed; she then disposed of the rest of the party, and a deep and heavy sleep soon drowned their sense of past cares and sorrows.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. FAIRFAX next morning roused her slumbering children one by one, and dressed them, while the maid was sent to get something for their breakfast.

After breakfast was over they began to look about them a little. There was not much, indeed, to admire in their new dwelling. One floor, consisting of a small sitting-room, and two bed-rooms, with a tiny light closet, was their share of the house. The children were full of wonder, as to how or where they had slept, where their clothes and books could be stowed, where they were to dine, and where to play. But when, in addition to the grievances of their confined situation, they learned from Susan, the maid, how small a share of her services they could reckon on, they began to look very serious, and ask what would become of them,—or rather, as they more justly bethought themselves, what would become of their papa and mamma.

They looked from the window,—no trees, no green fields to be seen,—nothing but a carpenter's yard; which, however, as their mamma remarked, was much better than a dirty row of houses.

Mrs. Fairfax saw what was passing through their minds. "Come, dear-children," she said cheerfully, "do not not stalk through these little rooms like moving statues. There is a great deal to be done; your papa has uncorded the trunks, and this day must be employed in setting things to rights. Remember, I have no one now to help me, unless my children try to do so."

This little speech had the proper effect; every one was desirous of helping dear mamma; they crowded round her, even to little Maurice, calling out, "What shall I do—and what shall I do?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"You, Maurice, sit by little Flora on the carpet, and shew her pictures—here is a book for you. Frank, do you go into the next room, and endeavour to help your father. You, Rosalind, take the linen out of that box,—stay, I will first dust out these drawers; now you and Mary can fill them for me."

Their labours were of use to these little people; the few comforts they had brought with

them, when properly disposed, gave the house a more cheerful and habitable appearance. The small camp bedstead was next unpacked, and put up by their papa for the two eldest girls to sleep on; next to it was a crib for Maurice, while in the small closet adjoining their mamma's room, a mattrass was spread for Frank.

Mary, in the course of her business, got up her spirits, and after she had finished it, she began to take a closer view of their apartments; rummaging in the closet, she found something which pleased her a good deal. "Mamma, mamma," she called out, "I have found such a dirty old treasure! here are some bookshelves, which if they could be made clean, and if papa would be so very kind as to put up, and you would let us have them in our bed-room, Rosalind and I could put our books and all our other things quite nicely upon them. And here is a nice little niche which I have found out in Frank's grand bed-chamber, with a shelf which would hold his books and his inkstand,—do come and see, Frank."

Frank.—"Why, really, Mary, it is not very *nice* at present; but if we could get Susan to scrub it clean, I should be proud to have it."

These matters were soon settled; and the

books were arranged, and the work-boxes placed on the ledge of an old cabinet. Mary had several other plans, indeed, for further improvements, which were put by till another day. "This great trunk, Mamma," she said—"It contains things for which we have no immediate use," said Mrs. Fairfax; "I shall leave it standing here therefore, to serve as a table for you and Maurice: and now, as your labours are over for the present, take Maurice and play with him a little. Shut yourselves in, I will keep Flora with me."

The evening of this day was dull and dark, though it was not late in October. The rain fell heavily, and Rosalind and Mary stood watching the torrents as they drifted against the window. Frank was playing with the dog, while Mr. Fairfax, fatigued—rather in mind than body—had fallen asleep in his chair.

Mrs. Fairfax, having put her two youngest children to bed, returned to the sitting-room. She drew her chair near the window. "Rosalind, you are tired," said she.

Rosalind.—"Not tired, dear mamma, but I feel rather sad, and full of cares and troubles, I think."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"What cares and troubles, my dear child?"

Rosalind.—"Why, mamma, I am thinking how much there will be to do, and of what I have been used to call labour even. I know, too, how awkward I am. Then I cannot help thinking, not only of the comforts and amusements we have lost,—but, indeed mamma, much more of our pleasant lessons, our readings and talkings with you, which we must now lose; for I know very well that your time will be too much taken up to go on with these as we used to do. In short, dear mamma, I seem to feel all the evils of being poor, which I have been used so much to dread, come upon me at once. And then I am afraid I do not submit patiently to the will of God."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"You are tired and low just now, dear Rose. Remember however, that cheerful and patient submission to the will of God does not come of itself; we must pray for it, and struggle for it besides. And I know my child will do both."

"But come," she added, "we will arrange our plans; you shall all be my counsellors, and we will see if we cannot so lay our schemes, as to provide time for every thing. As for our skill in what we may have to do, that will improve by practice; meanwhile, each must do his best, and

the others must determine to be satisfied with that."

Rosalind.—"Dear mamma, how kind you are to cheer me up so. Come, Frank, we will all sit at mamma's feet."

Frank.—"Yes, we will be counsellors, and mamma judge."

Mary.—"But, first I want to know, why we may not make more use of Susan; I thought she was to be our maid."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"No, she is only in part our maid; she has many others in this house to attend to, and, I believe, will have as much as she can possibly do."

Mary.—"Well, dear mamma, now let us begin. I long to know how things can be settled; it seems all a puzzle to me, I must say."

The particulars of this conversation will not be related; I shall only tell you, that every body was tolerably well satisfied; that much was said on all sides, and some even merry things passed; and that the little assembly broke up cheerfully, and quite anxious for the morrow, when they might carry their schemes into execution.

After Mary's evening prayer was ended, Rosalind begged to be allowed to go and undress her,

that their mamma might remain to make their papa's tea.

Mrs. Fairfax was pleased with this thoughtfulness. "You shall, Rose," she said, "but I cannot trust you with a candle just yet; I will place it for you in the nursery on high; to-morrow I think we will get a little lantern."

Rosalind followed her sister into their little room; very patiently did she endeavour to accomplish, what was to her a very difficult task, to undo the knots, those petty trials of temper; and very diligently, if rather awkwardly, did she fold up the clothes, and lay them ready for the next morning. Then came the washing part of the business, and Rosalind thought the most troublesome,—but every thing had been placed ready for their convenience by their mother, and this also was at last accomplished with Mary's own help, for she was rather a handy little person, so that in due time she tumbled into bed. Never, perhaps, had these two sisters so affectionately kissed each other as on this night, when Mary laid herself down in their little bed, and Rosalind leaned over her to pull up the clothes; the one had been doing, the other receiving, a service; and, "kind Rosalind,"—"dear Mary," passed from their hearts to their tongues.

When Rosalind returned to the next room she took her seat by Frank, at the tea-table, and they had such pleasant and instructive conversation with their papa and mamma, that though the wind roared louder than ever, and the rain still beat against the window-panes, they were both unheeded; and Frank and Rosalind acknowledged, with thankful hearts in their evening prayer, the blessings which were still left to them.

CHAPTER VI.

A FINE morning succeeded the late stormy night. Mr. Fairfax arose early, and calling to Frank, told him that they would begin their morning walks if he was not too sleepy. Frank rubbed his eyes and sat upright on his mattress; his first thought was to call out for help in dressing, his next that he must help himself. This he found easy enough, and having washed himself and offered up his morning prayer, he sat down on his bed with his favourite book of hymns, until his papa should call him.

It was not long before he and Di were summoned.

When they were gone out, Mrs. Fairfax went in to her little daughters—they slept sweetly side by side, and she determined to wait a little before she roused them. Having poured out fresh water, and arranged things for their rising, she opened the shutters that the light might gradually awaken them, and then going back to her

room, she sat down with a book by her baby's side.

After a while she began to think it time to rouse them in good earnest; but just as she was putting down her book for that purpose, in walked Mary and Rosalind, hand in hand, ready dressed, and looking well pleased.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Fairfax, "what kind fairy has paid us a visit this morning, to do so good a turn for my two little girls?"

"Why really, mamma," said Rosalind, "Mary has been the fairy, and she ought to have the credit of it. When we awoke, we saw you, through the crack of the door, sitting so comfortably with your book, that Mary said, 'Let me try and help dress you, Rose, as I sit up in my bed, it would be such a pity to disturb poor mamma; only have patience with me, and I am sure I can do it, for I can lace very well, though I am rather slow in tying; but I think I can manage that too.' Well, and so, mamma, we agreed to try; and that I might not be impatient, I took a book and read to Mary the while, and then I dressed her, and then we washed, for we found you had been so very kind as to put every thing ready for us. This is the whole history, and now we are going to ask you to read us a

they had been accustomed to take out of doors, more than any other deprivation. They received his proposal joyfully, and were soon ready to go with him to the broad dry causeway, which was near enough to their abode even for little Maurice.

On their return they found that their mamma had finished her household business, put her baby to sleep, and taken out the books ready for lessons. Every one looked pleased at this, and having taken off each other's walking things, the girls sat down to their lessons in their mamma's bed-room, while Frank and his father were engaged by themselves in the same way.

They all felt the use and pleasure of returning to their lessons. "Mamma," said Mary, "I shall never again be so foolish as to wish there were no such things as lessons; how could I be so silly! Yesterday, I am sure I was as unhappy as Rosalind when I thought that we should be obliged to give them up, because you would not have time to teach us. Now you shall see how attentive I will be."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I hope you will, my love, both because it is your duty, and because, if you waste your time, I shall not be able to make it up to you by longer lessons; a minute wasted, must be a minute *lost*, with you now."

Mary.—"Ah, mamma, Rosalind was just saying how little time you have to spare, and how good it is to give it up to us, instead of taking it to rest yourself. Indeed it was she who reminded me not to give you trouble."

Mrs. Fairfax told Rosalind she was pleased to find her using the privilege of an elder sister so kindly; not for the sake of indulging a domineering temper—not to find faults, in short, but to try and prevent them.

At half-past one, Mr. Fairfax took up his hat to go into London for some hours. After he was gone, the table he had been sitting at was spread for the children's dinner. The cloth was laid to-day by Mary, and the mugs, forks, &c. taken out of the closet and set by Frank.

"We shall have no pudding, I suppose, to-day," said Rosalind.

"No," said Frank; "I heard Susan tell mamma that she could not make puddings—a bad thing for you, poor Rosalind."

Rosalind thought so too, for she was not fond of meat, nor had she a very good appetite; indeed she felt very much inclined at that moment to complain; but she shut her mouth, determined not to offend with her tongue, at least.

The dinner was rather a coarse one, it must be

confessed, for Susan was no cook. Mrs. Fairfax skimmed the broth, and, crumbling some bread into it, gave some to Rosalind, and fed her baby with it.

After dinner, the children were sent for exercise to play in the bed-room; but Mrs. Fairfax was soon obliged to give little Flora into Rosalind's care, and she desired them all to sit down quietly together, while she remained down stairs, for fear of accidents; she had been so unaccustomed to leave her children without attendants, that she could not at first overcome the anxiety it gave her.

When she returned she sat down to work, and bade her two girls bring their work-boxes also, and Frank take a book and read to them, while Maurice and his little sister were turning over pictures on the floor. It was the history of the discovery of America, by Columbus, that Frank was reading; and it interested the whole party very much. But, after a little while, Maurice and Flora, tired of their quiet amusement, became fidgetty, and interrupted Frank sadly; to avoid this, Mrs. Fairfax told Rosalind to take them into the next room, and amuse them there till Frank had finished his chapter. Poor Rosalind did not like this arrangement at all; it was

vexatious to leave the history in its most interesting part. "Surely, mamma," said she, "Mary might go instead, the history is more interesting to me than it can be to her."

"I am teaching her to darn," replied Mrs. Fairfax.

Rosalind.—"Then why cannot Susan come?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"She is busy below stairs."

Rosalind was beginning with, "It is rather hard, mamma, I think;" but she recollected that the hardship was not of her mother's making; so, brushing aside a tear which had found its way to her eye, she forced up a smile, took little Flora in her arms, and called cheerfully to Maurice to follow. Having led them into the nursery, as they called it, she amused them kindly till Mary had finished her work, and came running to call them back into the parlour.

Rosalind met her mother's approving eye, and rejoiced at having overcome her temptation. The pleasure of giving way to cross and selfish feelings is short-lived; the calm satisfaction one feels after having conquered them remains, and disposes the mind to cheerfulness. It is well if the heart is then lifted up in thankfulness to Him who gives us strength to resist temptation. We are inclined to think that it was so with

Rosalind. Her brother had thoughtfully marked the part of his book which she had missed; and she now seated herself comfortably to enjoy the reading it alone.

The evening was wet, but it passed off pleasantly with our young party. Frank, after writing a few copies to show his father, and preparing his sums for the next day, took out his paper and began to draw. Mary, to her great joy, had found her slate, and was busy over it. Rosalind asked her mother if she would let her have her drawing-book.

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I will, my love; but did you not promise Mary to sew the strings on her night-cap? I believe I shall not have time to do it before she goes to bed."

Rosalind took out her needle and thread immediately, and accomplished this little task (which, being new, was rather difficult to her) tolerably well. She then opened her book, and began to sketch some of the leaves from her brother's nosegay to add to a collection she was making of various kinds of leaves. Her mother directed her how to shade them, in order to give the characteristic appearance without colouring.

At tea their papa was kind enough to read

them some interesting accounts of the New Zealanders, a people who inhabit two large islands in the southern ocean; after which, he took out his papers, and Frank and Rosalind went to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANK, in one of his morning walks, met with an adventure which interested him very much. Running in advance of his father, he came up with a little child who had been thrown down by a large dog, in the middle of the street. Frank did not run back to his father to ask him what he should do ; he stepped up to the child immediately, and taking it in his arms, carried it across, just in time to avoid a carriage which was turning the corner at full speed. Had he hesitated for two seconds, or run to ask his father, the child would most probably have been killed.

When Mr. Fairfax came up, he praised Frank's presence of mind, and suffered him to carry the child into the house it pointed to, which was their opposite neighbour — the carpenter's. The poor mother had just missed her little one, and hearing a carriage pass, was

running out in great agony, expecting to find it crushed.

Frank thought that he had never felt so happy as when she cried out, "Oh, young gentleman, you have saved my child!" She invited them into the house; and Frank was so much amused with looking at the carpenter's tools in his workshop, that his father said he might remain where he was, till the clock struck nine, which was the breakfast hour at home.

The carpenter, grateful to the young preserver of his child, was glad to oblige him by answering all his questions, and showing him the use of the various tools. He allowed Frank also to examine his collection of woods,—for as he was a joiner as well as carpenter, he had several of the finer sorts of wood, not used for building. Frank, looking at the wood in its rough state, scarcely knew it again when cut, and planed, and polished for use. He was so well amused, that it was only just as the clock began to strike, that he observed a boy somewhat younger than himself, seated in a corner of the shop, poring over an old spelling-book; he looked pale and sickly; and when he got up, used crutches. Frank noticed this, and asked the carpenter what was the matter with the poor boy.

"He has never been right well from his birth," said the man;—"poor fellow, he has a dull sort of life of it, for he cannot play with the rest; and though he is so fond of his old book there, he can read but little, for he cannot walk with the others to school; it is too far, and his mother and I have not time to take him in hand. There he sits all day, turning over the leaves of that book, or scrawling figures with chalk on the bit of black board yonder."

Frank's kind heart felt very sorry for the poor boy; he ventured to say, that he wondered they did not get him a slate on which he could, by copying letters, teach himself to write.

"Ah, young master," said the carpenter, "though I have some little business here, yet I have also eight children, and I find it hard to spare a sixpence for luxuries. We began the world in debt, and are striving to pay it off; my wife there slaves herself to death; but I have good hope that we shall one day get clear, and then I shall indulge poor Benjamin."

Frank was now obliged to go home to breakfast; he had been very much interested by his visit, and was pleased to tell all he had seen and heard to his mamma and sisters, while they were at breakfast.

" You see, my dear children," said Mrs. Fairfax, " that there are people in the world worse off than we are. That poor mother has, probably, no one to assist her in the care of her eight children."

" No, mamma," said Frank, " for she told me that that was the reason why the child contrived to slip away."

Mary.—" I little thought that my slate could be called a luxury; though, I must say, I was very glad when it was found."

Mrs. Fairfax.—" Every thing you possess, my dear Mary, would be a luxury to that poor boy,—your books, and pictures, and shells."

Frank.—" Mamma, I am very sorry we can do nothing for him,—now I feel what it is to be poor."

Mrs. Fairfax.—" It is true, Frank, that we have no longer the power of giving money; but is there no other way, do you think, in which you might assist or comfort this poor boy?"

Frank thought a little. " Why, mamma, I suppose it would be a great comfort to him if he knew how to read; and I could certainly teach him, if you and papa approved it, for he could easily come over here, or I could go to him.

Mr. Fairfax. — " I do approve it, Frank;

and if you will endeavour to be a very patient teacher, you shall go and offer his parents to instruct him ; you might also teach him to write."

Frank.—" If we could but get him a slate ! "

Rosalind.—" I will tell you what, Frank, there is my new sixpence still in the purse in my desk ; if mamma approves, and papa would be so very good as to buy it for us."

Mr. Fairfax.—" Papa will, my Rosalind : so get the sixpence and your bonnet ; we will all go together and buy it ; then we will step in to our neighbour, and Frank shall make his proposal for little Benjamin."

This was great pleasure, and the children were soon ready to accompany their father. The slate was bought and carried to the carpenter's, where Rosalind's kindness was rewarded by the delight of the poor sickly boy on attaining what he had so long wished for. Frank's proposal was joyfully received both by him and his father ; poor Benjamin indeed could scarcely contain his pleasure, when he understood that he was to go to Frank every day. The hour for his visits was then arranged, and the children returned home in high spirits ; happy in the thought that, without wealth, they might yet find means of being serviceable to their fellow-creatures.

At their dinner to-day a little circumstance occurred, which gave occasion to a good deal of merriment, and some satisfaction among the young people. Mary, who had been making herself very busy about the dinner-table, seemed unusually impatient for Susan to bring up the dinner. At its proper time it appeared, and Mary, laughing, begged that she might take off the cover of one of the dishes, since it contained a secret known to herself alone. The secret turned out to be a pudding—a real, good light pudding, and much joking and guessing there was, as to how the pudding had been made, or where it dropped from.

Frank.—"Oh, somebody has taught Susan, to be sure."

Rosalind.—"No Frank, for Susan says she has no taste for cooking, and does not care to learn."

Frank.—"The more foolish she; for papa says, 'knowledge is power;' so it may be worth while even to know how to make a pudding."

Mary.—"Quite worth while, I think, and so does poor Rose, I dare say, because you know she has suffered from Susan's wanting that piece of knowledge, since nothing else agrees half so well with her. But once more, who made the pudding? did I?"

Frank.—"No, little madam; but I suspect that you know who did. I thought you had a secret in your pocket before dinner came up. And, I believe I have guessed it; but I will let you have the pleasure of telling it."

Mary.—"Well, then, mamma made the pudding, and I stood by and saw her do it. Who would have thought that mamma could make a pudding!"

Little Maurice laughed very heartily.

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I am glad you are all so amused; but there is nothing very wonderful in Mary's secret. A little attention to a recipe taught me how to set about making this wonderful pudding; I thought it good for my children, and that was enough. But Mary has not told you that I failed in my first attempt, which is what I wish you to remark; so that if I had wanted perseverance, you would have had no pudding, and little Maurice there would have lost his laugh."

Little Maurice ran round to kiss his dear mamma, and to beg that he might stand by her side when she next made one. But he could not help thinking it "very funny that she should be turned into a cook."

Rosalind said least, but she thanked her

mother with her heart and eyes,—though, as Frank observed, she had almost forgotten to taste the pudding.

The remainder of this day passed much like the last. In the evening Frank busied himself in writing copies, and selecting, out of his store of books, a suitable one for his young pupil on the morrow. He had many plans in his head about the things he should teach him, but his father advised him not to puzzle poor Benjamin's mind with too much at once.

Frank's young heart was more than usually grateful, when he knelt down to offer up his evening prayer; he felt that he had been of use to a fellow-creature; and as he came to bid his father good-night he said, "Jesus Christ went about doing good, you know, dear papa, and I think He is pleased to see us try and imitate Him—I feel in my heart as if He were pleased with me; but perhaps you will say it is presuming in a boy like me to think of being like our Lord."

Mr. Fairfax.—"By no means, my dear boy. Our Saviour not only wishes us, but commands us to imitate Him; and it is no humility, but a vain excuse, to say, that because he is so much above us, we dare not think of following Him,

though we acknowledge that we ought to obey his commands. One purpose for which He lived on earth as man, was, to set us an example,—an example not merely for us to admire and adore, but to follow.

“Man is weak and sinful indeed, but you know, my boy, that man is not left to his weak and sinful nature; the Spirit which was in Christ is given by Him to all his faithful servants, that they may follow Him. Doubt not, therefore, that He is pleased with you, when you seek to imitate Him in doing good to your fellow-creatures.

Frank.—“And papa, I think that we ought to be thankful that God has made our duties generally so pleasant—if He had made them always hard and painful, we certainly should have no right to complain—but when they make us happy”—

Mr. Fairfax.—“And, more or less, they will always do so, Frank. The very feeling that we have tried to please God—the knowing that He sees our endeavours—is a pleasure in itself, even should we not succeed in doing what we wish.”

Rosalind.—“And even if what we have to do is disagreeable. For, papa, it was really very disagreeable to me yesterday to leave our reading.

on account of Maurice and Flora; I wished Mary to have gone, and when I did go, I wished at first to indulge my cross disappointed feelings—but when I remembered whose eye was upon me, and therefore tried to conquer them, and endeavoured to amuse the children,—I felt so peaceful. I am sure I was happier than I should have been, had mamma consented to send Mary, and let me stay.”

Mr. Fairfax.—“ I have no doubt of it, my Rosalind—and it may cheer you to know, that as you advance in your Christian course, you will find the giving up of your own will, less and less painful.

“ But now, dear children, go to bed, your mamma is coming to call you.”

CHAPTER VIII.

POOR little Benjamin was unable to come to Frank on the following day. He had caught a severe cold, and it was more than a week before he was able to hobble across.

Frank was a good deal disappointed. "It is very disagreeable," he said at breakfast, "to be prevented from doing the good one wishes to do."

"It is so, my dear boy," said his father, "but we should recollect that we are equally doing God's will,—and therefore pleasing Him, when we submit, in a proper spirit, to the disappointment of our own—even though our own will has been, as in the present case, a good one."

Frank, who had rather fretted himself about this delay to his scheme of doing good, now exerted himself to be cheerful and contented. In a few more days his little pupil was able to come to him.

Frank, seeing that poor Benjamin was very shy, talked to him a little before they began the

lesson. He then examined him in his old easy book; and finding he was able to undertake something more difficult, he produced a little History of Animals. It was quite delightful for the little boy, to begin a new book, and he proved so docile a pupil, that as Mary (who sat by with her work) declared, he was of no use to Frank, since he did not try his patience at all. When they had finished the reading lesson, and Benjamin had asked the meaning of the hard words, and looked at the pictures, they began to write. This was more perplexing to Frank, for Benjamin had only copied printed letters, and Frank did not know so well as his mamma, how slowly people break the habit of doing things in one particular way. He wondered that since Benjamin could so well imitate print, he should find it so difficult to copy hand-writing; and he found it of use, even with gentle careful Benjamin, to remember his father's warning, that patience is as much called for in the teacher as in the learner.

After the lessons were over, Frank and Mary shewed the little boy their shells; and Frank told him several things about the animals which live in shells,—which we call shell-fish, though, as he said, they have nothing in common with fish but the power of living occasionally under water.

Benjamin, now beginning to look timidly about him, found so much to notice and admire, that Mary was extremely diverted. "What a pretty carpet! how mother would like it! What a handsome table! What a nice book-case!—and oh! what a great many books! Your papa must be very happy. Do you sleep there?" pointing to a little old couch.

Frank told him that he had a small closet to himself, and books of his own there. "Oh! how I should like to be you!" said the child. Frank looked at Rosalind, who had just come into the room,—she knew what he meant, and smiled,—for she recollected how discontented they had been at first, with these very things—how inconvenient and shabby they had appeared to her—while to this poor little boy they seemed the luxuries of life.

It was now his time to go home, and Frank helped him across the road with his slate and books.

When Frank returned, he found his mother reading a note to Rosalind. It was from a lady of their acquaintance, who had been a near neighbour at Stanton. She wrote to tell Mrs. Fairfax, that if it were not inconvenient to receive

her on that day, she would bring her two eldest girls to pay her a visit. None of Mrs. Fairfax' intimate friends were at this time in London, and she had shunned her acquaintance as unsuited to her present situation ; but this lady had contrived to find her out, which Mrs. Fairfax regretted, for she was not partial to her character, and she entirely disapproved her mode of bringing up her children. Mrs. Fairfax also thought that this visit would bring some pain to her own children, in reminding them of Stanton, and the pleasures they had lost.

Rosalind and Mary, however, seemed pleased at the thought of seeing their young acquaintance, who used to be so happy to come to the Grove, and were always so merry, and, as they thought, so good-natured.

Rosalind asked her mamma if they should not change their stuff frocks.

Mary.—"Oh, to be sure. What would Harriet and Maria think if they were to see us in these things ? You know how they always used to remark the plainness of our dress, even at Stanton, when we had on our own things. Mamma, I wonder you bought us these stuffs, when we had frocks of our own left too."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I bought them partly to save

the expense of washing, partly because you seemed to feel the cold here, more than at Stanton; and I bought them of a cheap coarse material, because I could best afford it; so now I hope my little Mary is satisfied."

Rosalind.—"Oh, indeed, mamma, we are not dissatisfied with our frocks; it is only because the Larkings are coming that we wished to change them."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"If Harriet and Maria have any love for you, my dear girls, they will be as glad to see you in stuff, as in silk or muslin frocks, you know,—and if they have not, you will not care, I suppose, what they think or feel about it. You are dressed suitably to your present condition, and that is what no man, woman, or child need be ashamed of. I know you are contented with your situation, dear children, do not then allow these young people to make you otherwise."

Rosalind.—"No mamma, they shall not, and we will not be ashamed of our stuff frocks,—but here they are."

Mrs. Larking and her two daughters found their way up stairs.

"Well," said this lady, as she entered, "and so we have found you out at last! I could not think where we were driving to. I am glad to see

you all. You see I have brought Harriet and Maria to visit your young folks. Poor dears! they must be sadly moped, I thought,—a melancholy change for them, and you all.” The lady drew a sigh as she said this, and gave Rosalind a look which showed how much she pitied her—I should rather say, perhaps, how much she thought her to be pitied.

“Thank you,” replied Mrs. Fairfax, “I believe however that my little girls do not quite deserve your compassion, for they are both cheerful and happy,—as contented, in short, as their parents are, except, indeed, that we have none of us any taste for London, whether among its gayer scenes, or in its humble outskirts.”

There was something in Mrs. Fairfax’s manner which repressed this lady’s feelings, and silenced her on the subject of condolence. She contented herself with looking round the room, and probably the contrast which its size and appearance formed to the spacious and elegant apartments in which they had last met, really did excite in her mind some of the compassion which she had been expressing—as, in her estimation, these things held a much higher place than they deserve.

The children meanwhile had collected together at one of the windows.

"Well, Rosalind," said Harriet, "and so you have really left Stanton,—shall you never return?"

"Never!" said Rosalind, while a tear started to her eye.

Harriet.—"Poor thing! dear how sorry you must be. Do you know the house is taken: I went there with mamma to call on the new family, for there are children of all ages. And oh, what do you think I saw? why a great boy on your poney, galloping her round and round, and whipping her too."

"What are you saying about Romp, Miss Larking?" said Frank, looking up from the dog he was playing with. "Oh nothing, but that a boy was riding her," said Harriet, who now perceived the pain she had given, and who, though utterly careless of the feelings of others, did not deliberately intend to hurt them.—"Your gardens," she added, "are dug up, and laid down in strawberry beds."

Frank.—"I wish you would not talk any more about Stanton, Harriet, don't you see that Rosalind cannot bear it?"

Harriet.—"Oh, I am sure I thought you would all like to hear about your old place, or I would not have spoken about it. I beg your pardon, Rosalind; indeed I did not mean to pain

you ; I am sorry I mentioned the poney, I am sure we all pity you very much ; I can easily believe you must be very miserable here."

Rosalind smiled through her tears at this speech. " Oh no, Harriet, we are very happy, I assure you ; it was only your reminding me of things at Stanton which made me so foolish. Come, we will go into what we call the nursery, and there you shall see sweet babe asleep, she is so grown you will scarcely know her."

When they were in the nursery, Maria asked where their new nurse was.

" We have none now," said Mary. " You may well look surprised, but we manage famously ; mamma does every thing for Flora and for us, except what we can do for ourselves. But we are trying to help her as much as we can, and do you know, Maria, we are growing so handy, we can dress each other."

Maria.—" Poor dear girls, does your mamma mean to make servants of you then ?"

Rosalind's cheeks flushed up a little at this speech, but she merely said, " No, Maria, she only wishes to make us useful to her, and to each other."

Mary looked down, and said nothing ; she felt half angry, and half ashamed. They chatted on, however, till Maria whispered something in her

sister's ear, at which Miss Harriet was so ill-bred as to laugh; for it is very ill-bred to laugh at something which your companions cannot join in. Mary, however, very innocently asked what joke it was that made them so merry, "For I love a joke," said she, "as well as ever."

"Oh, I dare not tell you," said Harriet, "for though it made me laugh, it might not amuse you at all; on the contrary—"

"Oh, but it would amuse me," persisted Mary; "if it can be a joke to you, why not to me too?"

Maria.—"Oh, because it is something about Stanton, and you know your sister does not like to hear about Stanton."

Rosalind.—"Do not keep it from Mary on that account, I shall not be so foolish again."

"Well then," said Harriet, "now don't be angry, but Maria said, your stuff frocks matched exactly with those which your mamma's charity children used to wear in Stanton church. It was a droll thought to be sure, but do not look down so, Mary, we never thought of blaming you, I only wonder your mamma should dress you so."

We may pardon poor Mary if she did look down, and feel rather more inclined to cry than to laugh at this foolish paltry joke.

Rosalind, too, who was little accustomed to ridicule, and of a disposition to feel it acutely, was both hurt and ashamed. She felt sure, indeed, that her young visitors were to blame, but she looked down with some displeasure on her frock, as if it were to blame also. Frank, who was playing with Maurice at the time, heard what was passing, and looking kindly up at Mary and Rosalind, he said, " Well now, I never think of noticing dress ; but if these frocks are really like those mamma used to give to the poor Stanton children, and which Mary and Rosalind used to help her in making, I shall love to look at them, because they will remind me of what is much better than fine frocks."

This kind and well-timed remark of Frank's restored his sisters to themselves, and put to silence their young companions.

They soon returned to the sitting-room, and Mrs. Larking, after many invitations to the poor dears to come and enjoy themselves in Cavendish Square, took her leave.

Nothing was said just then about this visit ; for Mrs. Fairfax, after setting her daughters to some employment, and sending Frank to fetch her something from a shop in the next street, went into her own room.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the evening of the day whose little events I have been relating, when the Fairfax family assembled as usual round the fire, Mary began to tell her papa of the Larkings' visit. "Indeed, papa," she said, "though I wished them to come, I was not at all sorry when they went away, for I felt ready to cry nearly the whole time they staid. They seemed to think us so very much to be pitied, and yet I do not think, after all, that they were so very sorry for us; they could not have said such things if they had been."

Mr. Fairfax.—"And yet probably they did feel for you in some degree, though neither in the right way nor in the right place. They have been ill brought up, and are not evidently accustomed to consider the feelings of others; a fault, however, of which I do not mean to speak lightly."

Mary.—"But, papa, they made me feel so

ashamed ; though I am sure I can hardly say for what, excepting, indeed, my stuff frock."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Then, I think, my little Mary was very foolish."

Rosalind.—"Oh, papa, and I am afraid I was very foolish too, for I was ashamed of being thought like a serving-girl, and rather ashamed of my frock, till Frank,—so good naturedly, do you know, papa,—reminded us of something which made us really look upon them with pleasure."

Rosalind then repeated all that had passed about the frocks ; Maria's comparison of them to the Stanton charity girls, with Frank's remark about them.

"Frank was quite right," said his father, "and I am pleased that he was ready enough with his wits to encourage his sisters under their little trial—this is one kind of presence of mind."

Rosalind.—"But, papa, I am afraid you are a little displeased with Mary and me."

Mr. Fairfax.—"No, Rosalind. To be laughed at is, I well know, particularly painful to young persons ; it was also your first trial of the kind, and I am not surprised that you scarcely knew how to meet it. You were ridiculed ; therefore you naturally thought that

there must be something ridiculous about you—something to be ashamed of. But, dear children, I am anxious that you should learn to know what you ought, and what you ought not to be ashamed of. Nothing is so silly, and what is more, nothing is so dangerous, as false shame. Be ashamed only of such things as are disgraceful in themselves,—of deceit, of dishonesty, of every action which is unworthy the high name you bear as a Christian,—but not of poverty, not even of ignorance, if it is not your own fault; of nothing, in short, which is not disgraceful in itself.”

Rosalind.—“ But there are some things, papa, not exactly wrong, which one may yet be allowed to feel a little ashamed of—are there not?”

Mr. Fairfax.—There are Rosalind, for I understand what you mean. When we do any thing unsuitable to our circumstances, though it be not wrong in itself, we feel, and ought to feel, some degree of shame, because it is in fact, though in a less degree, disgraceful. Supposing Frank were, with my permission, to employ himself in sweeping this street, which, we all agree, wants sweeping. No one could say it was wrong; but it would be unsuitable to his situation and habits, and, therefore, so far *disgraceful*.

Though, to the little boy I see just beginning to do that office, it is rather creditable than otherwise."

Frank laughed.

Mrs. Fairfax.—"You might have observed yesterday, Rosalind, that when Sir Charles came in so unexpectedly, and I was ironing Flora's caps, I did not appear at all disconcerted: the fact was that I did not feel ashamed. Had I been doing this at the Grove, it would have been unsuitable to my station, and therefore indecorous, because it is an occupation which no person of good taste would choose to spend their time on; and I could *then* afford to pay others for doing it. *Now* it is an employment which my circumstances oblige me to take up, and therefore I do not feel at all ashamed when any one sees me engaged in it."

Mary.—"Well, dear mamma, I do not think we shall ever be so silly again. But papa said, 'False shame leads to deceit,' now I do not see how it could make me deceitful."

Frank.—"Oh, Mary, but I do; for we try to hide what we are ashamed of, and that is being deceitful."

Rosalind.—"To pretend to be what we are not, I suppose, is being deceitful."

Frank.—"Oh yes, it is dishonest, is it not papa?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"It is. But what we are talking of, reminds me of an anecdote which I have heard your mamma tell, droll enough, and yet really instructive, as an instance of the deceit and absurdity into which a dread of seeming poor and ungentle may lead us. I dare say she will be good enough to repeat it to you."

Mary.—"Oh, pray do, mamma, before I go to bed."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"When I was about twelve years of age, my mother took me to pay a visit to a family who lived in a distant part of our neighbourhood. This family had once been wealthy, but were now so much reduced in their circumstances, as to find it difficult to keep up a respectable appearance in the world. The young people were sometimes invited to our house, but from motives of kindness only, for they were not favourites with my mother. There was an affectation about them—an attempt at finery in their dress, together with great untidiness, which gave her a bad opinion of the habits in which they had been trained at home; together with a want of good manners, which, as she used to say, no poverty can excuse."

“ My mother had often been pressed to take me with her when she called on them ; and, anxious to avoid the appearance even of a slight, she determined that I should accompany her to Brook Cottage on her next visit, as she felt convinced that my habits were too well fixed to be hurt by any thing I might see there.

“ One fine morning, accordingly, we set forth, and, after a pleasant drive through the prettiest part of our neighbourhood, arrived at a small but cheerful looking house, standing in a garden, which, had it not been overgrown with weeds, and strewn with litter, would have been a very pretty one. We left the carriage, and, opening a little gate, walked straight up to the house-door, and pulled the bell. But we pulled in vain ; no one appeared. Meanwhile, a crowd of young heads showed themselves at the window nearest to it ; first one, and then another, popping up above the blind, to peep at us. The window was half open, and we could not therefore avoid hearing some of the bustle which our arrival occasioned. ‘ Do tell Rachel to go to the door,’ said one voice : ‘ She is minding the baby,’ cried a second ; ‘ Come and tie mamma’s gown,’ screamed a third ; ‘ she says she hears a ring at the bell, and she is not fit to be seen.’ ‘ And,

oh, what shall I do,' said a damsel of about fourteen, who had taken a hasty peep at us from under a brow crowned with curl-papers;' it is Mrs. Markham and her daughter, I cannot go to them this figure, and there is nobody to open the door.'

"I suppose I was tired of standing so long in the sun, for I said to my mother, I remember, 'Why do not some of these young people open the door? surely it is very rude in them to keep us here so long, when they are close at hand to let us in.'

" 'I believe they are ashamed to do so,' replied my mother.

" 'But why,' said I, 'are they not rather ashamed to keep us so long waiting?'

" 'Because they are ashamed in the wrong place, Jane,—we may learn something here.'

" Finding, however, that we were likely to remain where we were, unless we made some exertion to gain an entrance, my mother tried, and succeeded in opening the door. We went into the first room we came to, which, notwithstanding the noise and confusion we heard in it as we approached, was empty; the young people, I suppose, not having completed their arrangements, had made their escape,—indeed, we saw

part of the gown of the last fugitive caught in the lock of the door.

“ In a few minutes however, down came the lady of the house and her three eldest daughters, —gaily dressed (far more than I had ever seen my own mother), but untidy, I thought, and not very clean.

“ ‘ Oh dear,’ said Mrs. Baynes, ‘ I fear you have been kept waiting. I had no idea that any one was at the door, and the servant is so heedless. Girls, I wonder you did not call some one; I suppose you did not hear the house-bell.’ The girls looked at their mother; one of them faintly said, ‘ No mamma;’ the others were silent, but no one had courage to tell the truth.

“ The whole scene was new to me, and not very intelligible. Here was a prodigious fuss and bustle, cross looks exchanged, and falsehood made use of; and all for the purpose of concealing from my mother that they had been ill drest, and had no one at hand to open the door.

“ But the worst, as well as the most ludicrous part of the scene was to come. Refreshments had been offered, which my mother declined; the party then began to converse; my mother remarked how prettily their house stood, surrounded

by the garden, and shaded by fine trees; 'though,' she added, 'if I were living here, I should set my young ones to pull up the weeds, and tie up the flowers; but perhaps your young people are not fond of gardening?'

" 'Oh,' said Mrs. Baynes, 'they like well enough to amuse themselves in a garden, but weeding is the work of a gardener, and indeed I think ours has neglected his charge very much. But perhaps Miss Markham might like to walk a little.'

"I declined, for I plainly saw that no one was willing to go with me, and indeed it was evident that something engrossed the attention of these young ladies very much, yet not very pleasantly. There were whisperings, and side glances, which roused my youthful curiosity. At last I distinguished a low sort of moan—then a faint sob;—my mother turned round—no notice however was taken, though the sisters looked like scarlet. At length came a loud burst, as of one crying passionately, accompanied by a violent knocking behind my mother's chair. She jumped up, extremely alarmed; when immediately, the closet-door, against which her chair had been placed, was flung open, and out rushed—a little girl! She made her escape so quickly, that we

had only time to catch a glimpse of a dirty pinafore, and tangled locks. The poor thing being slipshod, left one of her old shoes behind her, in her natural haste to escape the disgrace she had been exposed to.

“You may easily imagine the consternation we were all thrown into. My mother got up to take leave, and while looking for her shawl, Mrs. Baynes attempted to stammer out an explanation—or rather an excuse. ‘I am sorry you have been so frightened—I suppose it was a prank of Tom’s.’ While I heard nothing but, ‘Why did you shut her up?’ ‘Because mamma said she was not fit to be seen.’ ‘Why didn’t you send her up stairs?’—in loud whispers between the young ladies behind me.

“We left the house as speedily as we could. And now children have your laugh out, or little Mary there will die of it. I laughed too when I had recovered my fright, but I trust I did not forget to pity also the unfortunate young persons who had been taught to be ashamed of what can never in itself be disgraceful—and to practise deceit and falsehood in order to conceal it.”

Rosalind.—“And they were not ashamed of the fraud, but only of its being found out. Oh

mamma, how glad I am that you have saved us from such a fault."

Mary.—"Yes, we will remember to be ashamed only in the right place. And now, dear mamma, I am very sleepy, and Rosalind has got her lamp to light me to bed."

CHAPTER X.

THOUGH Mrs. Fairfax was so much occupied in the affairs of her family, she did not suffer them to engross her entirely, nor did she fail to look around her for some occasion of doing good to others; by advice, by medicine, and often by giving up some of her own little comforts, she contrived to be useful.

There was a poor woman, who had been recommended to her by the maid of the house, as an assistant in getting up the linen for her family, and for this person Mrs. Fairfax had felt no common interest. Martha Jones had seen better days, she had even been tenderly brought up. Her father had been a respectable tradesman, who late in life fell into misfortunes, and died, leaving his family in great distress. The sons and daughters, however, were taken to by different friends, and put out into the world,—all excepting Martha, who refused to leave her aged mother, and preferred working hard to support

her, and keep their little things together. She died about a year before Martha became acquainted with Mrs. Fairfax. Poor Martha, overcome by anxiety, fatigue, and grief, fell sick; she had a long and dangerous illness; but as soon as she recovered, she endeavoured, by incessant labour and self-denial, to pay off her debts. She sold every thing which their little cottage contained, excepting her mattress, and one chair; with these she removed to a small room she had hired up two pair of stairs; and this poor, but to her, precious independence, she hoped to preserve by her own exertions. She went out to wash, when she could find employment in that way, or she took work from the tailor's, or any other that she could procure: but her gains were scanty and uncertain.

Mrs. Fairfax had heard part of her history through Susan, and she begged Martha to let Frank and Rosalind hear it from herself.

Rosalind could scarcely help crying as she listened. "Oh, mamma," she said, "I see how little we were to be pitied, in comparison of many others—of poor Martha here. Martha, I do pity you very very much."

"Dear young lady," said Martha, "I thank your kind heart; but indeed I am not so much

to be pitied as you suppose; I have my pleasures, — though you have only heard of my sorrows."

Rosalind. — " Ah, now, Martha, you are joking—your pleasures ! and all alone ! "

Martha. — " Nay, Miss Fairfax, have the goodness to listen to me a little longer, and I will explain them to you.

" It is true, indeed, that I am, as you say, alone—alone, as it were in the world; for my relations have long ceased to trouble themselves about me, and I have no friends to care about me. But then, on the other hand, I have the pleasure of thinking, that poor and helpless as I have seemed, I was able, thanks to a gracious Providence, to make the latter days of my mother's life tolerably comfortable,—happy, I might say; for we were all in all to each other. That is past—but often, when I am eating my dry crust, it comes up to me as a sweet reflection. Yet this is not half my store; I have God's word by my side; and when I am reading it, I forget that I am poor, and lonely, and despised. I remember only the high things I am called to—that for me the Holy One died, as well as for my more prosperous neighbours; and oh, dear young lady, when I hear the peals of

unholy mirth, together with tones of strife and anger, come up from below to my lonely chamber, my heart swells — with grief indeed for others,—but yet with gratitude to God, who has made for me peace where all around me is disturbance, and shewn me light in the midst of darkness, and given me hopes which no man can take from me."

Rosalind and Frank looked at the good woman with respect; and Rosalind said, "Mrs. Jones, I shall not pity you any more; but I should like to learn of you."

A trial awaited this poor woman, which the Fairfaxes felt sorely—they felt too their own poverty on this occasion, more than they had ever done before.

The person who had supplied poor Martha with most of her work, had been of late irregular in paying her, and at last failed; by which event she lost the earnings of several weeks which had been due to her, and also the most constant employment she had. It was no longer, therefore, possible to pay her weekly rent, small as it was, though she half starved herself in trying to do so. She had been

unwilling to mention her distress to Mrs. Fairfax, until her fading cheek told its own story; and then Mrs. Fairfax let her have a share of their daily meal, but advised her to seek relief from the parish, as she was unable any longer to get work sufficient to support her.

Poor Martha went to the parish officers to ask a small weekly pittance to pay for her lodging,—for her board she thought she could still provide; but they were unwilling to grant even this small relief; they ordered her to the workhouse; and she prepared, with an aching heart, to give up her little room, and the quiet she had prized so much, for the noise and coarseness of a workhouse. It was, perhaps, the greatest trial poor Martha had yet undergone; the refusal of her request, too, was accompanied with rude and unfeeling reproaches; but her meek spirit bent, and she felt that, after all, she was submitting, not to the will of man, but of God.

After Martha had been settled at the workhouse about ten days, Mr. Fairfax and Frank went to pay her a visit. They found her seated at a window, a little apart from the crowd of women and children, who were assembled together in one large room, busy about some of the employments which are given to the

pensioners. The din of tongues was lowered as Mr. Fairfax and Frank entered, and they went up to Martha. "Well, Martha," said Mr. Fairfax, "and how is it with you? We have all felt for you; but I thought it best not to come near you, just at first."

Martha.—"Why, Sir, thank you, I believe it was better for me to see no kind friend at first. I did not want to be made tender, for, to be sure, it was very bad to me; I have not been used to live with the kind of people whom (generally speaking) we have here. I have not been used to be dependent on the will of others; and then all this noise—it seemed to distract me. My heart, too, I fear, was proud; and I fancied I could only serve God in my own quiet way. But I hope, Sir, I am learning to submit to his will; my mind is more peaceful, and I begin to feel the blessings which I had slighted. I have no anxiety about my daily bread, that is one thing; and as the people here know me better, they treat me more courteously. Perhaps, in time, I may be of use to some of them, if, at least, they would put the quiet ones among us together."

Frank offered her a small nosegay, part of one which his friend, the gardener, had given him, and he had brought with him Rosalind's

little jar to hold it. Martha was very grateful for this kind attention; she told Frank that she would place it on the ledge near her, and that it would cheer her as she sat at her work.

As they left the workhouse, Frank told his father that his heart felt easier now about poor Martha.

"She reads us all a lesson, my boy," said Mr. Fairfax, "let us take care that it be not lost on us."

Frank's attention was diverted to a row of neat cottages, newly built, some of them still unfinished, but all with little gardens in front.

"Papa," said he, "the carpenter says that these are alms-houses. He has been employed at them: he says they are built with money left by a charitable man for the purpose. They are not quite so pretty as those you built at the park paling; but how nicely one of them would do for Martha."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Ah, Frank, how I wish I had a voice in the disposal of them. But there can be no harm in asking about them,—who is to dispose of them,—and whether they are all promised. Perhaps your friend, the carpenter, may know. You shall step in there as we go by, and bring us word."

When Mr. Fairfax returned home, he found himself rather late; they were all seated at the breakfast table, but very impatient to hear every thing about poor Martha. Mary begged her father to describe a workhouse to her; she thought it must be a very disagreeable place. "And yet you see," said her mother, "that a christian spirit may enable a person to find out blessings, and ways of doing good, even there.— But here comes Frank, full of something, I am sure."

Frank.—"Why, mamma, I staid a good while, because the carpenter was out; but now I know all about it. He says the houses are not all promised, he is pretty sure, though there have been, of course, numbers of people applying for them; and they are to be given away by the clergyman and churchwardens; but the clergyman has most power."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Well, I see no reason why I should not go to the clergyman, Mr. Hastings, and state this poor woman's case. Though he does not know me, he may easily prove the truth of my statement. Martha's parents must have been known to some of the inhabitants of this populous parish, and her own good character is easily proved. No one can have a better claim

to such a charity, unless widows alone are the objects of it; and then indeed, poor Martha's refusal to leave her mother,—her retired habits and devotedness to her duty, may have stood in her way, as far as worldly prosperity goes.

“Come, Rosalind, get your bonnet; you can walk as far as Mr. Hastings' with Frank and me.”

Mary begged hard to be included in the party; and they all set off in high spirits, with their dear father on his kind errand.

Having reached Mr. Hastings' garden door (for he lived beyond the streets), Mr. Fairfax left his children to walk up and down, while he went within: they waited to see whether he was admitted, and then did as they were desired. It seemed long before he returned, and every time they turned back they stood at the gate to watch for him. At last the house door opened, and their father, with another gentleman, walked towards them. They heard the gentleman say, “Well, Sir, you may depend on my doing all in my power for this poor woman, after I have made the proper inquiries about her; but I must tell you the decision does not rest with me alone.”

“When, Sir, do you think the thing will be determined?” inquired Mr. Fairfax.

"We meet this day week for the purpose," said Mr. Hastings.

The children, whom they had now reached, clapped their hands for joy that the decision was so near.

"You wish well to this poor woman, I perceive," said Mr. Hastings.

"Oh yes, Sir," said Frank, "I wish I were as good as she is; and, next to that, I wish I were you, to have the pleasure of making her happy; that is to say," he added, looking down, "if you mean to do so."

"My young friend," replied Mr. Hastings, "this is not entirely, as you seem to suppose, in my power; but I will do all I can, and you shall hear from me, or see me, this day week."

The children, one and all, thanked him; and the whole party set out on their return home, full of sanguine hopes respecting Martha, and forming many little schemes for adorning the alms-house, which they trusted would be her future dwelling. Their papa kindly took them round by these buildings, as neither Rosalind nor Mary had yet seen them. The carpenter being at work there, he opened the little gate that they might walk in. The house consisted of one comfortable room, and a little place out of

it, as a back kitchen, and a small yard in which, they agreed, Martha might keep some hens. They would willingly have stayed a long time here, to plan out future improvements for Martha; but their papa reminded them that they had already been absent a couple of hours, and that their mamma was alone with Maurice and Flora. They hastened home, therefore; but, as it was lesson-time, all talk about their adventures was deferred till another opportunity.

CHAPTER XI.

“DEAR me,”—said Rosalind, as she sat copying a door-way which her mother had put before her,—“dear me, I shall never learn to draw a straight line, so this *must* do, for I have rubbed my paper into holes.”

“Not so, Rosalind,” said Mrs. Fairfax, looking up from her work, “for I think you *will* learn to draw a straight line, if you are patient as well as persevering. I do not, indeed, insist on your learning to draw straight lines, because it is of little consequence whether you sketch or not; but, if you wish to amuse yourself in this way, I advise you to conquer the difficulty, because it stands in the very threshold of the art.”

Rosalind.—“But, mamma, it is really very vexatious to take such trouble about so simple a thing as a straight line.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“By simple, I suppose you mean easy, Rose; but I think you have proved that it is not so very easy. As for the trouble,

if, indeed, it is greater than you think it worth while to take for such an object, give up drawing altogether."

Rosalind.—"Oh, no, mamma, for that will be still more vexatious."

A few minutes after these remarks, the party was again interrupted by the sighs of Rosalind. Mary stepped up to see what she had done amiss, but Rosalind pushed her away rather impetuously, and begged her not to be so teasing.

"Rosalind," said Mrs. Fairfax, "it is quite clear that something goes wrong; but it is neither your sister's fault, nor that of the paper which you are rubbing so roughly. You are impatient with yourself, because you cannot draw a straight line; you are vexed with me for having given you that door-way to copy, and angry with Mary for looking over you."

Rosalind.—"But, mamma, when things all seem to go wrong with one——?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Rosalind, things always do seem to go wrong when we are impatient; we lose our temper, and then every body is to blame. Come, Rosalind, put down your pencil, wipe your eyes, and listen to me."

Rosalind came to her mother, but rather

slowly. "Now the opportunity is passed," she muttered.

"Do you mean, my dear," said Mrs. Fairfax, "that you will not again have an opportunity of being impatient? Believe me it will come, and when you least expect it, perhaps. But do you wish to conquer this fault, my child?"

Rosalind.—"If I could, mamma."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I do not like to hear you say, 'if I could.' You know that whenever you have set about conquering a fault in good earnest you have succeeded. This very fault, indeed, on different occasions, you have overcome. How many little difficulties and vexations you patiently struggled with on our first coming here; as yet, Rosalind, whatever you have persevered in I think you have accomplished. Ought not these things to give you courage?"

Rosalind.—"Oh, dear mamma, this is comfort;—but then these were easy things."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Not at all, my love; habit has at length made them easy to you, and therefore you forget the trouble they once gave you. Try at this fault, Rosalind; it will grow upon you else: three times to-day it has interrupted your comfort. Because Maurice was inattentive at his spelling,—because you could not succeed

in learning to make a button-hole this morning,—and now, because you cannot draw a straight line without having practised it.”

Rosalind.—“But, mamma, is it right to persevere in doing a thing when it makes one impatient?”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“If it is a thing of no consequence,—certainly not. Should this drawing, therefore, continue to call forth your impatience you shall not persevere in it. Perseverance is worse than useless, if it does not go hand in hand with patience. But I had rather see you conquer your impatience in this instance, because the conquest will be of use to you on other occasions.”

Rosalind.—“Mamma, if you would tell me how to persevere in my drawing, and yet not be impatient, I should be very glad.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“I will, my love. In the first place, when you set about any thing, do not fix your mind on succeeding at once. Then, should any difficulty occur, do not think of going on and on till you have conquered it; this is perseverance indeed; but it is too hard a trial for poor patience; and, if she is left behind, perseverance will only bring defeat. Rather say to yourself, ‘I will be so long,’—say a quarter of an hour—

‘in trying to draw a straight line, or whatever it may be that you have in view;—or, ‘I will draw so many straight lines.’ When you have drawn the number, or practised for the time you had determined on, put it up; if you have succeeded, it is well; but if not, you will not feel vexed, because you did not determine on drawing a line perfectly straight, but only on practising it. You will not then have made yourself anxious and fatigued; on the contrary, you will leave off, I suspect, quite calmly; and when you next make the attempt you will find it a little easier, and so on, till you have overcome the difficulty. You will then, too, be able to say to yourself, as the old gentleman did of whom I was telling you yesterday, if I have *gained* nothing by this trouble, at any rate I have not *lost* my temper.”

Rosalind.—“Mamma, I will try and follow your advice. But the opportunity of conquering my fault is gone for to-night, it seems.”

And Rosalind looked very sorry while she said these words, and rather as if she felt herself aggrieved.

Mrs. Fairfax.—“Perhaps it is, Rosalind. We must not expect that we shall always be able to repair our faults the moment we have

committed them. We must wait patiently for the occasion ; no fear it will come, and very likely before we are prepared for it."

Rosalind.—"Well but, dear mamma, if you would but let me try to finish the door-way."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"No, Rosalind. I think you have spent as much time on it as you ought. Take it out every day for a short period, till you have conquered the difficulty, and meanwhile be contented with imperfection."

Rosalind looked down—she was vexed. Poor Rosalind! she had wished for temptation, that she might resist it—and it came, but under another form. She was now tempted to be impatient, because she was prevented, as she thought, practising patience. She collected her things, hastily and somewhat pettishly, to put them away—so hastily indeed, that she threw down her mother's work-box, and scattered its contents on the ground.

Mrs. Fairfax quietly picked them up; she would not reproach Rosalind by a word or a look. But Rosalind's own heart reproached her; she ran to her mother, and flung her arms round her neck,—“Oh, mamma, what have I done! Where is my patience, and your box?”

“Do not think about my box, Rosalind,” said

Mrs. Fairfax; "it is not hurt; sit down, you have fluttered yourself. Frank, what passage from our favourite hymn was it that we were talking of at breakfast?"

Frank. — "Oh, it was that passage which speaks of the happiness of those who determine,—

‘Counting the cost, in all t’ espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.’

You said, mamma, that it meant"—

Mrs. Fairfax. — "Let Rosalind try and recollect how I explained it.

Rosalind.—"You said, mamma, that it meant, being always ready to give up our own will, in small things as well as great, I believe, when it hinders us in our duty,—mamma, mamma, I see it all now; I have been struggling for my own will all this time, and wanted to be good only in my own way—not in the way you advised; and I see what my way has brought me into."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Dear child, now I think you see your way; now I am sure you will be able to correct your fault. Be grateful, Rosalind, to Him, whose gracious Spirit opens our eyes, and melts our stubborn hearts."

The children had gathered round their mother;

Frank and Mary kindly kissed Rosalind; and she felt that she was once more happy. Was she not grateful too? I think she was, when she said in answer to her mother's words, " He is *very* good."

CHAPTER XII.

"YOUR birth-day will be in ten days, Mary, I have been reckoning," said Frank to Mary one morning.

"Ah!" replied Mary, looking rather piteous, "I shall have a sad dull birth-day, I am afraid."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"What is that you say, Mary; are you so very dull usually?"

Mary.—"Oh, no, mamma; only for a birth-day, you know; I am afraid it will be rather dull. You know how pleasant our birth-days at Stanton were,—how many presents we had, and"—

Mrs. Fairfax.—"We will see, Mary, whether we cannot contrive to be tolerably happy on the 20th of November, though not exactly perhaps in the same way."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Meanwhile I have news—very good news for you. Here is a note from Mr. Hastings, telling me, that having seen Martha, and inquired into her history, he pleaded her

cause at their meeting this morning; and it was agreed on all sides that she was a fit object for the charity. Mr. Hastings kindly adds, that as you are all so much interested about poor Martha, you shall have the pleasure of carrying her the good news."

"And that *is* pleasure, I am sure," said Mary; better than a thousand birth-day gifts; and as for Mr. Hastings, I think he is so very kind, that I shall like him as long I live."

They were all speedily equipped for the walk, and soon arrived at the workhouse.

Martha came out to meet them; but such was their eagerness to tell the good news, that she could hardly understand them; and indeed, when she did understand, could scarcely believe such happy tidings. One must have been in poor Martha's situation, perhaps, to enter fully into her feelings, so we will not attempt to describe them. But she was not left long in possession of her own thoughts. "Martha, it is such a nice little house—white-washed and clean—and it is the last of the four—and it looks over the garden-ground where we sometimes walk—and it has a little garden of its own in front—and"—

"Martha shall come and see it," said Mr. Fairfax.

So Martha got her bonnet, and followed the talkative party to her future dwelling; but trembling so with agitation, that they were obliged to stop for her more than once.

We may be sure she was pleased with every thing she saw, as she was led in triumph through the door of the little dwelling. "And shall I end my days in such peace and comfort as this!" she said. "How good has Providence been in raising me up such friends!"

They met Mr. Hastings as they were leaving the alms-houses, and from him they learnt that Martha might take possession of her house in about a week. He intended, he said, to provide her with a bed and a few other necessities. And the carpenter, who was anxious to make Frank some return for his kindness to little Benjamin, offered to make him a table for her. They called at the garden-ground in their way, and Frank begged his good friend, the gardener, to give him a plant or two of sweet-brier—to which he readily added some roots for Martha; while his wife promised to employ her as much as she could in different ways. All these things made our kind-hearted young people very happy; and they returned home in high spirits.

Mary Fairfax could not help speaking about her birth-day again in the evening. "There is one thing, mamma, which you will allow I may be sorry for;—when we were at Stanton, you know, we used to go with you round the village with our gifts for the poor,—now here—"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"That is true; still I think, Mary, you might do something of this kind by your own labour to make your birth-day pleasant."

Mary.—"But what can such a little girl as I am do, mamma?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"You can knit. Suppose you were to undertake a night-cap for that poor rheumatic man whom Martha was speaking of. I would do the finishing off, which is the only difficult part."

Mary.—"Oh mamma, now that is a nice thought—I am sure I am very much obliged to you for telling me;—how glad I am too that Rosalind taught me to knit!"

Rosalind.—"And that Lydia was patient enough to teach me, so stupid as I was about it."

Mary.—"Well, mamma, I am so glad you thought of this—I will run and fetch my needles directly; I dare say papa will be so very kind as to take me to give it poor Martin myself—don't you think so?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I dare say he will, my love. But, Mary, remember how often you begin things without finishing; now I cannot afford to have worsted wasted—and, what is worse—a bad habit indulged. I shall soon stop the work if I see this."

Mary.—"But you shall not see it, dear mamma."

Yet Mary was often tempted, in the course of the ten days, to give up her undertaking. Many times she would rather have played with Maurice, or cut out, or read a story book; and but for Rosalind, perhaps, it would not have been finished at all. Once or twice, too, she was cross with Rosalind for reminding her of her promise. Now this was always a great trial to Rosalind (it is so to most persons), to be reproached for doing what she intended rightly and kindly. The first time it happened, Rosalind was rather pettish in return, and would have been more so, probably, had not the wise thought of leaving the room occurred to her in time. When she came back, she was able to speak mildly to Mary; and Mary, who was of an affectionate disposition, was brought round by this behaviour to see her own fault.

Another time the same thing occurred, but Rosalind forced herself to be silent, though it

was pain and grief to her; the third time it was less difficult; she not only repressed words of anger, but spoke gently, though firmly, at the moment. All this was not lost on Mary; she became ashamed of her injustice to Rosalind, and anxious to make amends for it, by trying to follow her advice. She increased her diligence, and the cap was completed on the evening before her birth-day.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE 20th of November proved a fine morning. The sun even managed to break through the dense fog which, at that season of the year, commonly hangs over London and its neighbourhood.

Mary Fairfax jumped up in her bed as soon as she remembered that it was her birth-day; she awoke her sister, and they speedily dressed themselves.

Mr. Fairfax had promised Mary to take her and Frank before breakfast to Robert Martin's, that she might have the pleasure of giving the night-cap herself. Rosalind stayed at home to help her mother.

The whole party were to breakfast together, including Maurice and Flora; but everything had been prepared some time, and the little ones had nearly finished their breakfast before Mr. Fairfax, Mary, and Frank returned.

Mary.—"Well, I am afraid you have waited for us, mamma, a long time—but, dear Rosalind,

we have seen such a sight, have we not, Frank? We found out the Martins, and they are very badly off; we never even heard of people so poor at Stanton. You would hardly believe it. Yet we had some pleasure, for Martin was very glad of my warm night-cap—(I shall do him another)—and papa took him some physic in a bottle, to do him good. But there was a poor little girl, mamma, who looked half-starved; Oh, how pale she was, Frank! She did not seem able to eat her dry bread—I wish we had some nice thing to give her.”

Frank.—“If you really do, Mary, I have a good thought in my head; there are the cakes our landlady made for us to have to-day. I dare say Rosalind will consent to give up her share.”

Rosalind.—“Oh yes, only we must save one for Maurice, you know.”

Mary.—“We must; but, Frank, it is a very good thought of yours, if papa and mamma like it, and papa will let you leave them at Martin’s as you walk to-day—or when we go to Martha’s, you know; which we are to do, if it does not rain, are we not, papa?”

Mr. Fairfax.—“Yes, dear children; but whether it rains or not, your cakes shall be taken to the sick child; for I am pleased to see

you ready to deny yourselves in these little matters, for the sake of giving pleasure to others. Come, let us begin breakfast, we shall enjoy it the more for this little circumstance. We shall have a happy birth-day after all, Mary.

Mary.—"Yes, indeed, papa. And, mamma, I am obliged to you for putting into my head how I might make it pleasant—in one way at least: if it had not been for you, Thomas Martin's night-cap would not have been begun—and"—

Mrs. Fairfax.—"And if it had not been for Rosalind, my dear Mary, I do not think it would ever have been finished."

Mary.—"No, indeed, mamma, I was going to say so,—she tried to make me persevere, and was so very kind and good-natured and patient herself, that at last she made me so. What a useful virtue is patience! it helps us in mending our faults, as well as making night-caps."

Rosalind.—"And in making door-ways too, and many more useful things. Ah, dear mamma, how glad I am you advised me to persevere, and told me how to conquer my fault; but I was not very patient with Mary at first—twice I was impatient; it was not till the third time that I contrived to keep my temper, and be really

patient—and then I found that she grew so too.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ My dear child, it is always so. In our intercourse with others, patience may be said (like charity) to be twice blessed.”

Mr. Fairfax kissed Rosalind, and said, that he had watched the progress of her improvement in this most useful quality; that he had seen the struggles it had cost her, while he silently prophesied that she would come off victorious. “ You have got possession, my Rosalind,” added he, “ of a most valuable tool, but as it is one that you will want on so many occasions, take heed to keep it in good repair, for it easily gets out of sorts when it is neglected.—Now come,” said he, drawing Mary also towards him, “ as I have no present for you in the shape of a toy, I will give you a birth-day tale, which our conversation has brought to my mind. It is a Fairy-tale, and as your mamma has scarcely begun her breakfast, we shall have time for it now.”

“ Oh papa, papa,” exclaimed Mary, jumping on his knee, “ a Fairy-tale! that will be delightful; come Frank, come Rosalind, and hear a Fairy-tale.”

Mr. Fairfax having finished his last cup of tea, began as follows :—

THE CHANGELING.

A little girl, whose name was Corylla, lived with her mother, and her brothers and sisters, in a small house on the side of a hill. It was bounded in front by pleasant fields, and shaded by a thicket, where, during the hot days of summer, the children delighted to amuse themselves. Their mother's name was Myrtilla. She was fond of her children, and had early trained them to habits of ready and cheerful obedience. When her commands were such as they could be made to understand the reasons of, she would kindly explain them; but when this could not be the case, they knew it was equally their part to obey.

The only one of her children who ever struggled against this mild discipline, was Corylla. Not that her disposition was unamiable—on the contrary, it was affectionate and obliging; so that she was tenderly beloved by her mother, and her brothers and sisters, and was generally a very happy little girl. I say generally, not always,—for Corylla had an impatient temper, which sometimes led her into trouble, and occasioned her to commit faults, through which she

suffered; she was also of an inquisitive or curious turn of mind,—that is, she was one of those persons who are always desirous of knowing what does not concern, and cannot profit them, simply because it is hidden. And she therefore felt it more difficult to obey those commands of her mother, the reasons of which she was not allowed to pry into. This was very silly, you will say; it was, and it cost her dear, as you will see; for though this is a tale of Fairy-land, it will tell truth to you if you lift up its veil.

The little thicket, in which, as I have told you, Corylla and her brothers and sisters used to play, was bounded by a rivulet, beyond which, a low sweet-brier hedge separated it from an extensive garden. This garden did not, however, belong to their mamma, and they were strictly forbidden to make any attempt to enter it. This command was necessary; for the rivulet was so narrow, and the hedge so low, that these young people could easily have stepped over; but they all knew it was forbidden, and no one, excepting Corylla, ever felt a wish to disobey. The walks, indeed, looked pleasant, the flowers gay, and the fruit tempting; but “they are not ours,—mamma forbids us to go there,” was enough to

make the others turn away. Not so Corylla: she would often stand on the brink of the rivulet, and wish and wish she might be allowed to jump over, and wonder what reason her mother could possibly have for forbidding it, since the garden was never frequented by a single human being, and seemed, as she thought, to belong to no one. "How pleasant it looks!" she would say to herself; "if I could but just run round it! Then, too, I might discover why mamma forbids it; perhaps she thinks there is some danger; and when I have found out that there is none, we shall be allowed to play there." Thus did poor foolish Corylla tempt herself to do wrong.

One sultry day, when her brothers and sisters, tired with play, had established themselves, their books, and their work, under a favourite old oak in the thicket, Corylla, tired of sitting, wandered down alone to the rivulet, and walking along its edge, came to a spot where it was lost to the sight, and the bushes being large and tangled, she could no longer follow it with ease. Corylla, however, had a mind to see where its course ended; so, at the expense of her frock and arms, she made her way, and found, that where this rivulet ended, or rather the place it sprung from, was the side of a steep bank, near which was an iron

gate leading to the forbidden garden. This was a fine discovery; and what was still better, as she thought, the gate was ajar. Now Corylla had placed herself in temptation, and she began to seek an excuse for what she was about to do. She found one—as people usually do. “Mamma,” said she to herself, “told us, indeed, not to jump over the rivulet; but she never said that we might not go through a gate, if we found one open; standing open, too, as this does, just as if it were on purpose to invite us. I will certainly go in and look about me, and then I will run and call the others. How surprised they will be!”

Corylla pushed the gate aside, and walked into the garden. Having amused herself with running about it, and admiring its gay flowers, she was tempted to gather some beautiful looking fruit, which hung from a large tree overshadowing a green mound. Here, tired and hot, she sat herself down to eat, till, feeling overcome by drowsiness, she stretched herself out, and soon fell into a profound slumber.

Now, it happened that this garden (neglected by its owner) was frequently visited by some fairies, who adorned it with tempting fruit and gay flowers, on purpose to attract thither foolish

mortals, on whom they might cast their spells. One of these fairies, a cross, malicious creature, had been watching Corylla till she saw her lie down to sleep, when she determined to carry her off to Fairy-land, to serve her and her fairy sisters. That the theft might not be discovered, she touched with her wand a nettle which grew near the sleeping child, and transformed it into the shape of Corylla, while the real, unfortunate Corylla was transported to Fairy-land.

"What have you brought us here, Dipsaca?" said the sister fairies, "a queer little mortal to serve us?"

"One who was tired of her home, and must be disobeying her mother, and prying into forbidden grounds," said Dipsaca, with a malicious glance at poor Corylla.

"Oh, I have done very wrong!" cried the little girl, "for I have disobeyed my dear kind mother; but take me back to her, dear ladies, I pray you, and I will be grateful to you for ever. Ah, she is now mourning for her poor naughty Corylla."

"Not so," answered the cruel fairy, "for I have left her another Corylla, whom she will not know from her real child, except, indeed, that she will find the changeling a little more untract-

able. As for you, little lass, you are no longer Corylla; henceforth Urticella (little nettle), shall be your name, to remind you that I have changed a nettle-stalk into Corylla."

This was too much for poor Corylla; she burst into tears, and loudly bewailed her hard lot. But she was not long suffered to indulge her sorrows; she was soon taught that she came there to labour, and not to mourn—to be the household drudge of the fairies. Her hands, which had been unused to labour, except for her own amusement, were now set to the hardest and most unpleasant tasks; and if these tasks were done imperfectly, they were to be undone and done again. Now she thought of her home tasks, under which, light as they were, she had often been impatient. She thought of her mother's gentle reproofs, which yet she had often considered hard. "Naughty Corylla," she would say to herself, "how ungrateful I have been! Oh, if I could once more be at home, how mild, how patient I would be!"

But Corylla did not attempt to practise this virtue now. When she was scolded, she scolded again, and got beaten for her perversity. She had, indeed, much to suffer in her new situation. Her temper was tried in every way by the younger

fairies. These little teasing imps would entangle her threads when she spun, and let down her stitches as she was knitting; sometimes they would hide her knitting-pins, sometimes fly away with her ball of worsted. Then she must cry and stamp with vexation, while her little tormentors sometimes laughed at her pettishness, sometimes pinched and scratched her, to punish, as they said, her crossness.

When her persecutors went abroad, poor Corylla would run to the door to refresh herself; but the country around looked bleak and desolate, and she would creep back to her tasks, bemoaning her misfortunes with new bitterness. Then would her tears drop on the work she was about, for which the fairies, on their return, would reprove her with blows. Hard too was her fare; they fed her with scraps, often so dry that her teeth could scarcely chew them; sometimes they offered her fruit, tempting to the sight, like that she had eaten in the garden, but leaving a bitter taste in the mouth. She lay on a couch, rough and uneasy, which every night she watered with her tears.

One day it chanced that her cruel mistresses sent her down to the moor below, to gather some herbs which they were in want of. Poor Corylla

was unable to get the right sort ; she wandered about, her eyes almost blinded with tears—her feet cut by the rough stones on the side of the hill down which she had climbed—till at length, putting down her basket, and leaning her head on her knees, she sat down to cry afresh, and bewail her troubles. Suddenly, she felt herself touched on the arm, and thinking that her persecutors were nigh, she jumped up. But a kind and gentle voice spoke to her,—“ Do not fear me, Corylla ; I come to comfort and help you, for I know and pity your sorrows.”

Corylla could only sob out,—“ No one can help me, no one can comfort me, while I live with those cruel fairies.”

“ Corylla,” said the stranger, “ if your misfortunes have not taught you to be humble, I can do nothing for you ; but, if you will be content to listen to me and follow my directions, you may improve your miserable condition, and perhaps, even at last, conquer your hard fate.”

“ Oh, kind stranger,” said the poor Corylla, softened by her gentle voice, and bending low before her, “ pardon my waywardness, and do for me whatever lies in your power.”

“ I repeat, Corylla,” said the stranger, “ that I can do nothing for you myself ; I can only

direct you what means to use. Look here at this leaf which I hold in my hand; its powers are such, that it never fails affording some relief in every trouble. Apply it when you are hurt to the injured part, and you will find its healing charm, both over your mind and body. Put it under your pillow by night, and keep it about you by day; make use of it, at every taunting word you hear from your harsh mistresses; apply it in the way you think best to every difficult and troublesome task—and I can promise, that it will help both head and hands; use it, in short, freely, and you will one day thank me for having brought this humble plant to your notice, though it is but a dock !”

“ But where, dear lady, shall I get more, when this leaf withers ?” asked Corylla.


“ You can scarcely fail of finding it,” said the benevolent fairy, Hypömöne; “ it is to be met with by every way-side; only observe the proper sort, for there are several varieties of the dock, which, by a careless observer, might be mistaken for it. And now, farewell; take the leaf I have brought you, and make use of it without loss of time.”

The good fairy vanished, and Corylla was about to weep again at the loss of her newly-

found friend; but she remembered her advice,—wiped away her tears with the dock-leaf, and taking up her basket, began to look about once more for the herbs she had been sent to gather. She was at length successful; but when she got back to the hill, and attempted to climb it, her feet bled afresh, and she sat down again in despair. Then she remembered her dock-leaf; she laid it over the bruised parts and staunched the blood; the soles of her feet became hardened, and she climbed the hill and got back to Fairy-hall, with far less pain than she could have expected. A gleam of cheerfulness, too, passed through her mind; “This dear leaf,” said she, “shall be my friend; the kind lady spoke truth, I am sure, for it has already helped me.”

The poor Corylla soon found further need of this new-made friend. When she brought in the herbs, her first tormentor, Dipsaca, called out, “Urticella, Urticella, where have you been all this time,—gathering a few simples, or nettles? we know your love for a nettle—these herbs are not the right sort after all.”

Corylla pressed her leaf, for her little bosom always swelled at the reproachful name, Urticella; she paused a minute, and then mildly said, “Here are the samples you gave me; compare



them yourself, mistress, and you will find that mine are the true sort." She then, unthinkingly, dropped into a chair to rest—for she was sadly tired.

"Take that," said Dipsaca," giving her a slap on the face; "take that, for sitting down till I gave you leave. Now go and stew those herbs."

Corylla applied her leaf in silence to the bruised cheek, and set about her task.

She now daily found the use of the kind fairy's gift and advice. Her bruises and her scratches gradually healed as she rubbed them with her dock-leaf; its touch dried up her tears. With its juice she made a sauce, which moistened her dry scraps, and even gave to them a pleasant flavour. She strewed strips of it about her bed, which became softer, and yielded her more refreshing rest. The pert and taunting words and jokes of the little fairies, which used to provoke from her the most passionate replies—for which she was chastised by their elder sisters—were now heard in silence, for Corylla found this valuable plant restrain her unruly tongue also.

At first it gave her much trouble to find the root, when she wanted a fresh leaf, and she had sometimes made mistakes, in gathering a spurious

sort: but at length she learned to distinguish readily the true plant, and wisely took care to replenish her store before it was exhausted. Now, too, the prospect around her seemed to improve; the country looked less dismal; the fields greener; the sun brighter; and she could discern a few flowers even on the face of the barren moor.

Meanwhile the other changeling,—the mock Corylla,—proved a sad plague to poor Myrtilla. She was always crying, and fretting, and wrangling with the other children; finding fault with her victuals, complaining of her tasks, and inattentive to her lessons. She spoiled the pleasant plays of her companions by her murmurs; the sun was too hot, or the wind too cold. If they wished to play out of doors, she would go within; and when they gave way to her wishes, she would complain, because they did not choose for her. In short, she was as unhappy as cross and selfish little girls usually are,—a torment to others, but a still greater torment to herself.

Not knowing what to do, the poor mother resolved on consulting a cunning woman (so she was called, from being wiser than her neighbours) in the neighbourhood, as to what she could do to improve the disposition of her untoward child.

"My child," said she to the cunning woman, when she had reached her dwelling, "my child was once mild and good, occasionally impatient indeed, and requiring correction, but affectionate to me, and kind to her brothers and sisters. Now she is the plague of our lives. Tell me, I pray, you, who are reputed to know so many things hidden from common mortals, can you do nothing for my Corylla? kindness and chastisement, from my hand, have failed alike."

"Myrtilla," replied the wise woman, "I can do nothing for your child myself; but I can direct you to a very simple remedy, which, if you persevere in using, and use aright, will not fail in the end to secure the object of your wishes. Look at this dock-leaf; it is the remedy I propose to shew you. Take some of it yourself in the first place, and endeavour to make your child take it in different ways, according as your judgment shall direct at the time. You will easily find fresh ones when you want them, if you mark the particular sort. Keep one by you, or rather, about you, constantly; if you are without, the fault will be yours, and the consequences will be your fault also. When it begins to change colour, look out for a fresh one. It may, I warn you, be some time before you perceive any

decided benefit from this recipe, though its effects are sometimes immediately felt—but *persevere*, and you will one day come and thank me with joy.”

Myrtilla rather coolly thanked the cunning woman for her advice, and took the dock-leaf away with her; but she felt dissatisfied. “A simple remedy, indeed, she was right to call it; and all I have got for this lonely wearisome walk, is, a dock-leaf!” Myrtilla had half a mind to throw it away, as she muttered these words to herself; but her better sense brought other thoughts into her mind. “After all, a medicine is not the worse for being simple; no, indeed, I will try it at least,—but how? On myself first, for I believe I am rather out of sorts.” She did try it in various ways; she swallowed a good deal, and found that though bitter to the taste, it left a pleasant flavour, and had something of a *calming*, or as they call it in medicine, of a *sedative* quality. She now began to feel confidence in the cunning woman’s advice, and determined to make her child use it. But this was no easy matter, for she remembered having been told that it would be of little use if *forced* down. At length, however, she contrived to mix some of it with the food, and the child got

accustomed to the flavour—her fretfulness seemed soothed by it, and she slept more; this encouraged Myrtilla; and one night she contrived to coax her into taking, of herself, a large dose, after which she fell into a profound sleep.

In the morning, Myrtilla arose early, and went to the bed-side of the still slumbering child. “How sweetly you sleep, my poor fretful one, I grieve to awake you.” As she spoke, the little creature stretched herself out, and Myrtilla found, to her great surprise, that a withered nettle lay by her side. When she removed it, the little girl awoke—started up—rubbed her eyes—looked around her—jumped out of bed, and flung herself into her mother’s arms—screaming with joy, and calling out, “Oh, I have got back to my own dear mamma again! Now I am Corylla once more!—no more Urticella—no more naughty—no more miserable—no, never never. How happy I am!”

It was indeed the real Corylla, who, having persevered in all the good fairy’s directions, and at last taken a very powerful dose of the root of the dock, had fallen asleep; and on waking, found that she was no longer in Fairy-land, but safe at home, and the changeling turned into a nettle again.

Her brothers and sisters came round her, rejoicing and saying, "Now we have got our own Corylla again! The cross, quarrelsome Corylla is gone away."

"Yes, dear friends," said the happy little girl, "and she shall never come back to you if I can help it."

The joyful mother, when she had heard her daughter's history, proposed to take her to their benefactress, and return the grateful thanks of the whole party. All her children accompanied her; they did not like to be again parted from their newly-found sister.

Corylla knew her friend immediately; and, throwing herself into her arms, she said, "Oh, mamma, this is the kind fairy I told you of,—my kind fairy,—the good Hypömöne!"

It was, indeed, that benevolent fairy, who had used the only means permitted her, to disenchant the child. She explained to them, that the nature of the plant was such, that it could only be used with success by the person requiring it, who, on a fair trial, never failed to experience the happy effects of its wonderful virtues.

Corylla begged to be allowed to dig up a root and plant it in her own garden, that she might always have it at hand.

“Do so,” said the kind fairy, “and let your brothers and sisters do the same. None can fail to want it at some time or other of their lives;—few but would be the better for using it every day.”

“But I should wish,” said Corylla, “to know the name of the plant which has so befriended me; for you warned me that there are many other kind of docks.”

“The plant you are to cultivate, dear children,” said the fairy Hypömone, “is called—do not forget its name—the *PATIENCE Dock*.”

Mary.—“Papa, I hope *we* shall never forget its name, nor the real thing itself. Thank you for this nice story.”

Frank.—“Papa, we must get you to shew us the *Patience Dock*; but mamma has found it, I am sure, and used it a great deal—since we left Stanton especially. But is there in reality such a plant?”

Mr. Fairfax.—“There really is a species of *Dock* which is called *Patience*; though, to confess the truth, I do not know how it came by that name; not, I fear, from its possessing the magical virtues of the one in the fairy-tale. But still, happily for us, the *thing* called *Patience* is to be found by those who seek for it, and apply it earnestly: and you see your mamma has

induced Mary and Rosalind to make use of it, as Hypömone did Corylla."

Rosalind.—"And I think it has made the same change in the look of things about us, as it did for poor Corylla in Fairy-land. When one is disposed to be out of humour, all the things, and all the people around us, seem to be disagreeable, and every thing one is about seems to go wrong; and *we* all the time are just as disagreeable to those we are with, as the sham Corylla was."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Yes; you may easily see that the changeling, made of the nettle-stalk, in the midst of Corylla's family, and the captive Corylla, changed into Urticella, and placed in the midst of the malignant fairies, represent one and the same person, in the same place, and at the same time: only the tale exhibits the *two*, in order to shew you the two pictures;—the one, of the discomfort and misery which a fretful cross little girl, *herself*, suffers, as Corylla in Fairy-land; the other, which represents her as a changeling at home,—of the plague she occasions to those around her. As soon as the remedy, the patience, is duly applied, both these disagreeable pictures of course vanish at the same moment. Good humour makes at once both the little girl

pleasing to those around her, and the persons and things around her pleasing to herself. So remember, whenever you feel disposed to view the scene where you are, as that dismal Fairy-land, you yourself are immediately, in their eyes, transformed into the cross changeling, made of the nettle-stalk."

Mary.—"What a strange idea to be sure, of making a nettle-stalk into a child! Were there ever people, do you think, papa, that believed in such things?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"It is not easy to say what was really *believed* by superstitious people in former days; but there are many ancient tales that have come down to us, which are very gravely and seriously related, in which there are accounts of fairies changing a stalk of ragwort, thistle, or some other weed, into a child, and leaving it in the place of one they stole and carried to Fairy-land. And the tradition was, that this mock-child would live just as long as the real one in Fairy-land did; and when that died, would return into its original shape of a withered stalk. It is on this tradition that the tale of Urticella seems to be founded; only there was a particular reason for fixing on a *nettle* rather than any other weed."

Mr. Fairfax now, looking at his watch, started up, and took his hat to go into the city.

It proved a rainy day, so that the promised visit to Martha could not take place.

As they were deprived of this pleasure, Mary was indulged with a game at her favourite play, "The Desert Island." A chair turned upside down, formed the boat in which the shipwrecked crew embarked; a cord tied across the room, hung with shawls, the breakers, over which they must pass to effect a landing on their island. Flora and Maurice were both admitted into this game; and the little dog enacted the part of goat, and wolf, and bear, alternately.

Mrs. Fairfax reminded them that there must be no quarrelling or pettishness, which, when young people of different ages and tempers are playing together, sometimes arises. The best means of avoiding this, she told them, was, for each one to yield a little to the wishes of the other, even if they did not seem to that one so wise or good as his own.

They attended to these directions, and every thing accordingly went off happily. If Flora or Maurice did not do exactly what the others wished; or if these again differed as to the best way of managing things, it was passed

off; for, as mamma said, in play nobody must be forced to do any thing which he does not like.

In the evening, while they sat round the fire, Mr. Fairfax amused them with anecdotes of his young days, which were very eagerly listened to by all his children, and the time only passed away too quickly.

"How odd it is, mamma," said Mary, as she was putting up her things to go to bed, "how odd it is, that in this little poked-up place, without birth-day presents,— and without even a birth-day feast," she added, laughing,— "we all say we do not remember ever to have passed so happy a birth-day."

"It does not strike me as odd, my dear child," replied Mrs. Fairfax, "but it proves to you all, I trust, the truth of what I have so often told you, that our happiness does not depend near so much on the things about us, as on our own tempers and feelings. This is very kindly ordered by Providence; and it should be particularly cheering to you, who are deprived of so many of those pleasures, on which, perhaps, you had begun to fancy the happiness of your lives depended."

"Mamma," said Rosalind, "I read in a book

the other day, that happiness in this world is apt to make us forgetful of Christ and his promises. But I find that when I am very happy, I also feel very grateful to God; and, indeed, feeling how delightful happiness is, makes me think more of the happiness which Christ has promised us in heaven,—happiness which I suppose will be far greater than that of our happiest moments in this world.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ Such thoughts and feelings, Rosalind, will always make your blessings doubly blest. Dear children! may every birth-day which you pass on earth find you better fitted for that great birth-day of man, which will enter all Christ’s faithful servants on their new and glorious life hereafter.”

CHAPTER XIV.

I HAVE now described the kind of life which the Fairfax family had been leading for nearly four months.

You have seen them transported from the beautiful scenery and cheerful retirement of Stanton Grove, with all its elegancies and pleasures, to a confined lodging, in one of those narrow streets which crowd the suburbs of London. Carrying with them scarcely any thing they had been accustomed to enjoy, excepting the society of each other; and being obliged to do, and to bear, many things disagreeable in themselves, and unknown to them in their former station; yet you have found them, in spite of these trials and privations, not only enjoying a great deal of happiness in the family circle, but endeavouring to promote the happiness of others also; while their tempers and habits were daily improving under the fostering care of kind and judicious parents, who knew how to make the

best use of these trials for themselves, and for their children also.

But Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax had anxieties which their children could not share, which they did not even know of. And when to these were added, in Mrs. Fairfax's case, the want of fresh air and the incessant calls upon her mind and body for exertion, it was not surprising that she should be attacked, in the beginning of winter, by a severe illness.

Poor Rosalind, what did she not feel when her papa came in one morning to her and Mary, before they were dressed, and said, "My dear children, your mamma is very ill; she has had so bad a night that she cannot get up; I must look to you to assist me, young as you are, in nursing her, and taking care of your little brother and sister. All other thoughts must now be laid aside."

Rosalind, poor Rosalind, was in great distress. "Oh papa," she said,— "my dear mamma!—what can I do for her; I do not know how to nurse a sick person;—if she should die through my ignorance!"

"My child," said Mr. Fairfax, "do not be cast down; try and make use of your own good sense on this occasion. To attend to your mother's

wants—to prevent her being awakened by noises, should she sleep—and, above all, to take charge (when I am engaged with her) of your little brother and sisters, must be your principal cares. I am now going to fetch a medical man ; make as much haste as you can, my dears, and go to your mother when you are dressed ; at present she is asleep.”

Mr. Fairfax left the room.

Rosalind and Mary dressed each other quickly and in silence. They then knelt down to pray : they prayed for help in their present distress, for they felt how much they needed it ; then going into their mamma’s room, they gently opened her curtain ; she was not asleep, so they stooped to kiss her pale cheek, and tried to hide from her their tears.

She gave them, as well as she was able, instructions what to do. Frank begged to be made useful, and Rosalind proposed that, as Susan had dressed baby, he should go with Mary and help the little ones to their breakfast, while she put her mamma’s room to rights. This done, she sat down by the bedside to wait for her father’s return. He soon came back with the surgeon, and sent her to breakfast with the others.

Presently their papa came to them. "She is very ill," said he; "but Mr. Storey says, much depends on her mind being kept easy; this, indeed, will be difficult to manage, but we must do our best. I have promised her that the two little ones shall never be left for a moment. You, or Frank, must attend to this when I am absent, and watch over them, as you value your dear mamma's life; lest fire, or any other accident should reach them. I have also promised to take you out once in the day, for a short time, to get air; this I will endeavour to do, always leaving two at home together."

Mrs. Fairfax continued long ill; in fact, the anxiety of her mind prevented her recovery. She saw the weight of care which her husband had now to contend with, and it seemed to sink her. Habitual resignation to the will of God enabled her to bear her own sufferings; but when she thought of Mr. Fairfax—when she looked at Rosalind's fading cheek, and heard Frank's heavy sigh, she could only pray for a more submissive spirit. Yet even under these afflicting circumstances did the dutiful and tender behaviour of her children give her many a happy moment. Often, when they thought her sleeping, she was watching their movements, noticing

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their patient care of their little brother and sister, and their attentive kindness to each other. Their little quarrels, or teasing ways, which had sometimes occurred to vex her, were laid aside. To watch her—to spare their dear papa any trouble—to think of what he would be likely to wish done—became their business and their pleasure.

Frank was always ready to fetch medicines from the shop, or to go of any other errand,—to amuse the baby, or to teach his little brother. He got from his friend, the carpenter, bits of wood, and cut them into wedges to stop the rattling of the window-frames; and he nailed list under the doors to keep out the wind.

Rosalind, on her part, watched the right time to give the medicines to her mother; she took care to hang the linen before the fire, because she called to mind her mamma's anxiety on that point. She kept up the fire without noise or bustle—getting Frank to bring her coals or wood as she wanted them—for her father was often obliged by his affairs to leave his family for several hours at a time; and the maid of the house, who had more lodgers to attend to, could not afford her much assistance. But Rosalind's activity increased with the occasion for it; she did not even

neglect to do little jobs of needlework to the children's clothes, as she sat by her mother's bed-side,—while Mary, who had a nice clear voice, read aloud to this dear parent, when she could bear it.

But though Rosalind was happy in being so useful—in doing so many things for her mother's comfort, which she had supposed herself incapable of,—her spirits began to fail her. She could scarcely bear to look at her father, such were the effects of nightly watching, and daily care, on his appearance. Frank, too, who had hitherto been her great support, could scarcely now force up a smile when he looked at her; while poor Mary also began to droop; and her mother, as she thought, grew daily worse. Martha, who would have been so willing and useful a nurse, was herself laid up with rheumatism. Their landlady was a person who had never known sickness or sorrow herself, nor was she much inclined to put herself in the way of them; and Rosalind was indebted to the carpenter's grateful wife, for the few little comforts her mother stood most in need of. A little meat-tea brought in every day, and the sight of her, and her ready sympathy, was cheering to poor Rosalind. “Ah, Miss Fairfax,” she would say, “if I had not a

young and sickly babe, how gladly I would come to nurse your kind mamma!"—and Rosalind's heart thanked her for the wish.

One day, Mr. Fairfax, taking advantage of a fine morning (after several rainy ones) to give Maurice and Flora some air and exercise, called Frank to come with them; Rosalind seeing it look so pleasant, begged that Mary might be allowed to go also; and on Susan's promising to come and look in upon her while they were absent, Mr. Fairfax consented.

Mrs. Fairfax had passed a bad night, but having taken something to compose her, had fallen asleep. Rosalind sat down by her bedside; she tried to employ herself,—first taking out her work, and then her book,—but it would not do. That morning she had heard Mr. Storey say to her father, "Why, my dear Sir, do you not get a nurse? She wants to be well attended; and you, I fear, are already failing—you ought to spare yourself."

Her papa had answered, "We have not the means of affording one, Sir,—I must do my best for her, with the help of these poor children, and leave the event in the hands of Providence—He does all things well."

Rosalind felt, as he said these words, how she

loved that dear father ; and now, as she looked at her tender mother stretched on a bed of sickness—and actually wanting many of those comforts which she had always so readily afforded to others—we may not wonder that the poor girl's heart sunk within her.

She burst into tears ; then calling to mind her mother's words of that very morning,—“ You have a friend always near you ; call on Him, my child, when you are in trouble,”—she knelt down by the side of the bed. She prayed for her parents—she prayed for herself—for strength to do her duty—for grace to submit her will and her wishes to the will of her Maker ; and she rose from her knees composed and cheered. Then taking out her work, she sat down to it, determined not to give way to her feelings.

In a few minutes, Susan peeped into the room. “ Miss Fairfax,” she said, “ there is a person come up stairs, who wishes to speak with you.”

“ But I cannot leave mamma,” said Rosalind.

“ I will sit here till you return,” answered Susan, “ for the person begged to see you directly.”

Rosalind went into the next room ; but what was her surprise, what was her joy, on finding

herself clasped in the arms of her own beloved nurse.

It was some minutes before she could speak ; at last she found words. " Ah, dearest Sanders ! how did you know mamma was ill—and how did you come ? And how did you find us—and why have we never heard from you ? Mamma has been very uneasy about you, and has written several times."

" My dear child—your mamma's letters never reached me ; and the reason I suppose was, my brother's having changed his house, and gone to live in another village. Then I lost the direction your mamma gave me, and so trusting to my memory, I suppose I misdirected my letters. But I am going to tell you how it is that I am here. A few days ago, a young man who had been living with a Mr. Evans, at his nursery grounds, came down to our village to see his friends : knowing, or at least thinking, that you were to be on that side of London, I asked if by chance he had heard your name. Happily he knew it well—and then he told me all : how often he had seen your dear papa, and your brother, and all of you—how regularly your papa and brother came to walk in the garden early in the morning, till your mamma fell sick.

Oh, what did I feel when he came to this part of his story; when he said he had heard her spoken of as ill—very ill. I put my things together, took my place in the coach, and here I am to nurse your dear mamma, and take care of you all.”

It is impossible to express what Rosalind felt. Her heart so overflowed with gratitude, that she could not find words to speak, till she caught the feeble sound of her mother’s voice. “Sit down, dear Sanders,” she then said, “and I will go and see if I can tell mamma that you are come.”

She went to her mother’s bed-side. “My dear mamma, are you better?”

“A little revived, dearest child. But ah! I see tears in your eyes. You must leave me, Rosalind, how can I bear to see my darlings wearing out day by day!—and your dear father!—Oh, Rosalind, it is this keeps me back from recovery. I am so weak, that this constant anxiety seems to weigh me down.” Mrs. Fairfax laid her head sorrowfully on her pillow as she spoke.

“Mamma, dear mamma,” said Rosalind, “I think you will be better when you have heard what I have got to tell you; can you bear to hear it? Yes, it will do you good I am sure. Nurse Sanders, mamma—”

Rosalind stopped, afraid of telling her news too suddenly.

"Have you heard of her, my love?" asked Mrs. Fairfax, faintly, "I am very glad, I feared she was ill."

Rosalind.—"Oh, mamma, I can hold no longer. She is come—she is here—in this house;—come to nurse you, dear mamma, and take care of us all, and ease papa's mind."

Mrs. Fairfax could not answer Rosalind immediately, but she pressed her hand, while tears fell on her shoulder: they were the first she had shed since her illness. When she recovered her voice, it was only to say, "Now God be thanked."

Sanders, who had been standing at the door, here thought it best to come forward. She was greatly shocked at the altered appearance of Mrs. Fairfax, but she took care to conceal her feelings. "My dear lady," she said, "I am come to nurse you, and to make you well, I hope."

"Dear nurse, the sight of you alone does me good; and your coming—what a load of anxiety it seems to take off my mind at once! Whether I live or die, this is indeed a blessing."

Sanders presently drew the curtain, thinking

it better for her not to talk. "My dear child," said she, turning to Rosalind, "where shall I find something to give your mamma? she is faint, her pulse is very low."

Rosalind.—"In about an hour, our opposite neighbour, the carpenter's wife, will bring her some broth."

Sanders.—"In an hour! Well, fortunately I have brought some fowls from my brother's little farm, and your mamma can have some meat-tea in twenty minutes at furthest, if you will shew me where to go and make it."

This was soon settled, and the meat-tea made and brought to Mrs. Fairfax's bed-side before the rest of the party returned.

Rosalind was watching for them impatiently at the window; at last she saw them crossing over the street. "Ah dear papa," she thought, "now some of your cares at least will have an end;" and flying down stairs, rather than running, she opened the door.

"Rosalind, your mother is better, I am sure," said Mr. Fairfax, "by your countenance."

"No — yes — dear papa," said Rosalind, scarcely knowing what she said; "she is better, at least she will be better, I am sure; but we are so happy! — Papa, Sanders is come, Nurse

Sanders is in the house, by mamma's bedside!"

Mr. Fairfax felt so great and unexpected a relief, in this piece of news, to all his most harassing anxieties, that he was quite overcome. He knew his wife's attachment to Sanders, and the entire confidence she placed in her; he knew the good judgment of this excellent woman, and her skilfulness by a sick bed; no circumstance, therefore, could have gladdened him so much at this time, as her unexpected arrival; he hastily kissed Rosalind and ran up to Mrs. Fairfax's room."

But who shall tell the joy of our young people when Sanders appeared on the stairs? She was almost devoured between them; Flora was put into her arms, and Maurice, hanging round her, added his voice to the others,—“She shall never leave us more—she must never leave us any more.”

This evening was the first cheerful one they had enjoyed since their dear mamma's illness. Their papa sent them to sit round the fire in the next room with Sanders, and they had much to tell, and she much to hear, of all that had passed since they parted—of what they had done on

their first change of condition—how awkward they were, and how miserable every thing seemed: “But afterwards,” said Rosalind, “till dear mamma fell ill, we were as happy as possible, at least we only wanted fresh air and a garden.”

Many too were the jokes among them about the blunders they had made; how Rosalind, when she first attempted to make their little bed, had put the bolster at the bottom instead of the top; how Frank, meaning to be very active, and clean his own shoes, had taken his papa's clothes-brush for that purpose; and how Mary, mistaking the moon-shine for the sun, had waked Rosalind in the middle of the night, and made her think it morning too; with many other such droll anecdotes, at all which, Sanders was quite as much amused as they could desire. And their mamma raised herself in her bed now and then, to listen to the cheerful sounds which reached her.

The effect of this unexpected relief from the cares which had been harassing the mind of Mrs. Fairfax about her husband and children—the knowledge that the one was relieved from a great part of his anxiety, and the others constantly watched by a person on whose affection

and good judgment she could rely—was as speedily and beneficially felt by the suffering mother, as could be desired; and, together with Sanders' good nursing, produced so rapid an improvement in her health, that at the end of a week, Mr. Storey declared he might safely leave her to the care of her tender nurses—adding, while he turned to Sanders, “In truth, I believe you have done more for Mrs. Fairfax than all my medicine:” — words which, as we may believe, were heard with heartfelt joy by the person to whom they were spoken.

CHAPTER XV.

THE Fairfax family returned gradually to their accustomed habits and employments.

Some distress was felt by Mrs. Fairfax about Sanders: aware that there was little chance of their ever being able to pay her wages, she endeavoured to persuade her to return to her friends, or to look out for a good situation. But Sanders rejected both proposals—she could not leave them;—and, at length, it was decided that she should remain, on condition that she took in fine work (at which she was very skilful) for her own support. The family arrangements were to remain as before. Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax thought it best that their children should continue to practise those habits of exertion and independence which they had acquired, and which were most likely to be necessary to them through their future life. Sanders had good sense enough to see the propriety of this decision, though it cost her a good deal to abide by it. Still more pain

did it give her to observe the rigid economy which Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax were obliged to practise; and to witness the difficulties and hardships they had to encounter.

Nevertheless, on the whole, things wore a more smiling aspect with the Fairfax family. Martha was restored to health, and able once again to have the pleasure of receiving the visits of the young Fairfaxes in her new dwelling.

Frank and his pupil, too, got on famously. Benjamin proved a pleasant and docile scholar, anxious to learn, and to understand what he learned. It often happened, indeed, that Frank could not answer his questions, and was obliged to lay them before his father; sometimes, too, though he understood the thing himself, he could not explain it to another, which he thought very vexatious; but his father told him not to be discouraged, and bade him try again and again, until he had brought out his own meaning, and put it into suitable words.

There was a pleasant and useful exercise, with which the young Fairfaxes were accustomed to amuse themselves sometimes of an evening, round the work-table; and which, while it amused, served to give them the habit of describing accurately what they had seen or heard. Each child

chose a subject,—some animal, plant, or natural curiosity—sometimes an anecdote from history, or a piece of mechanism which they had all seen or read of, and which the rest of the party were to guess from the description given. In this game their papa or mamma, and sometimes both, would join. And after their mamma's recovery, when she was able to get into the sitting-room, they were frequently indulged in this way.

“It is my turn to begin,” said Mary, one evening, when every body was seated round the table; “but papa is busy with his papers, and I am afraid we shall disturb him.”

“You will not interrupt me, my love,” said Mr. Fairfax; “I shall not attend unless I feel disposed.”

“Well, then,” said Mary, “I am going to describe a creature which we are all well acquainted with. I shall first speak of his house, which is a very convenient one for him, and, indeed, not without some beauty, at least inside, for it is lined with a very delicate and elegant kind of stuff.”

Frank.—“You should say substance, instead of,—‘kind of stuff,’—Mary.”

Mary.—“Well, I mean the same, only I did not quite know how to get the right word; what

you call substance, I called stuff, that is all. But this house has one fault, it must be allowed; it has no windows,—and yet it has doors, though the creature never stirs beyond them; and doors too, which are very hard to open, as you will find, if ever you try.”

Rosalind.—“What can this odd creature be, which has a house without windows, and doors, though it never leaves home?”

Frank.—“But tell us something about the creature itself. Is it large or small? pretty, or ugly?”

Mary.—“Small and ugly—very ugly, and blind.”

Frank.—“Small, and ugly, and blind, with such a fine house; no wonder it has no windows, though—”

Rosalind.—“Pray, does it make its own house?”

Frank.—“Ah, Rosalind, that gives me a lift; its house came with it into the world, I dare say; and it is a snail.”

Rosalind.—“A snail’s shell is made of one piece, and has no doors therefore; and a snail is not blind, for it has eyes at the ends of its horns: oh, I have guessed!—an oyster.”

Mary.—“Yes, you have guessed, Rose; but

that is a pretty good one, is it not, for me? and it took you some time to guess. It is lined, you know, with mother-of-pearl, which is very pretty; and I am sure the doors are very hard to open, as any one who has tried to open an oyster knows; and it is small, and ugly, and blind, and stays at home."

"In this last respect," said Frank, "being like mamma."

Mary laughed, and could not help jogging her papa's elbow, and asking him, "Why mamma was like an oyster?"

Her papa laughed too. "Let me see,—ugly, blind, and small, Mary; and yet, Frank, certainly mamma is like an oyster. But, if you come to this, tell me why mamma is like a river?"

They all began guessing, but they went far off the mark, and begged papa not to keep them in suspense any longer. "Because she lies in a bed." Oh, that they never should have guessed! it was so very simple!

It was Frank's turn next. "Now I shall puzzle you," said he, "thanks to what papa was telling me this morning. The thing I am going to describe is still commoner than Mary's. So well known, indeed, that I believe we take little

notice of it on that very account,—I had, I am sure, till this morning.”

Rosalind.—“Is it a vegetable?”

Frank.—“Why, something very like a vegetable, though I do not suppose we must venture to call it one, because it belongs to the animal kingdom, as they call it. It is generally soft and very glossy; it may be bent or pulled any way—*pliable*, I believe papa would call it. It has a bulb, though very very tiny, from which it gets its nourishment; moisture is necessary for its growth,—for grow it does, like a vegetable. It is like a vegetable, too, in another respect; when it has grown a good while it changes in its appearance like the leaves of a tree in autumn. Another remarkable thing about it is, that it actually shews the state of the weather; lengthening or relaxing, as papa called it, in damp weather.”

Mary.—“Oh, Frank, this is too hard. I thought of grass and of sea-weed; but then you say that it is not a vegetable.”

Frank.—“But I am not quite sure that it is not a vegetable, though I believe it is not.”

Mary.—“Why, Frank, surely you know a vegetable when you see one. Does it grow as vegetables do, out of the earth; or does it grow

like some plants, on trees—as the mistletoe does? You can tell us that.”

Frank laughed. “Why, certainly it does not grow out of the ground or of any tree; but if I tell you what it does grow on, what its soil really is, you will guess.”

Rosalind.—“What colour is it?”

Frank.—“Black, brown, grey, or white.”

Rosalind.—“Is it tall or short?—is it stringy or thready?—thick or thin?”

Frank.—“It is sometimes long, and sometimes short. As for stringy, it is not so much like string as thread; for that, I suppose, is what you mean by thready?”

Rosalind.—“Come, Frank, I shall guess now, I think. Black, white, brown; sometimes long, sometimes short—glossy and something like thread; and it grows—but not on earth or on vegetables; does it grow on stones or metals?”

Frank.—“No.”

Rosalind.—“Then, you know, it must be something which grows on animals. Now, what long or short, black, white, or grey, or brown substance, glossy and rather like thread, grows on animals? Frank, it is hair;—it must be. And a very good puzzle you have made of it; but there are some things in it which puzzle me still.”

Mary.—"What, hair; human hair, with a bulb and all that! Can it really be, papa?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Yes, Mary; and I am glad that Frank has chosen his subject so well. Come here, and look at this hair which I have pulled out of Rosalind's head. Here is the little root, or bulb; you can see it with the naked eye. Frank described it very accurately, as far as he went; but he forgot one thing I told him."

Frank.—"What was that, papa?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"That each single hair is full of little holes, or pores, as they are called; and that it is notched, or jagged like a saw; this may be *seen* with a very good microscope; and it may be *felt*, Rosalind, by passing your nail down it, backwards and forwards; from the root upwards you will find it perfectly smooth: but in passing it *towards* the root you will perceive a slight roughness or resistance to the touch."

Rosalind.—"How very curious!"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Wig-makers are aware of this, and always take care to lay the hairs they use by the roots; because, if placed the other way, the hair starts back and will not unite, owing to the resistance made by these little teeth or hooks. I once shewed you how curiously

each separate part of a feather is furnished with little teeth or hooks, which fit into each other; and hair, though so much more minute, appears to have the same kind of apparatus, closer perhaps together, in proportion to the size."

Rosalind.—"But, papa, Frank said, it shewed the state of the weather also—how is that?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Hair has the property of imbibing,—sucking up, that is,—moisture, by means of those little pores which I mentioned; and in so doing it is stretched out, or lengthened; so that if you measured the length of a hair exactly in dry weather, and again in damp weather, you would find it shorter in the dry,—shorter than it is in such weather as the present, for instance. But I hear your mamma coming back, to tell us, I dare say, that it is Mary's bedtime."

Rosalind.—"Oh, papa, I am so sorry; for you know you promised to teach us how to play at that game which you were talking of to mamma."

Mr. Fairfax.—"This must be on some future evening; some Saturday evening, when the week's report has been good."

Mary.—"Yes, papa, and that is very fortunate, for to-morrow is Saturday, and I think there will be very few marks on mamma's slate; but I will not boast. Good night, papa, and Frank, and Rosalind."

CHAPTER XVI.

ON the following evening, when they were seated round the table at work, and waiting till their papa was ready to join them, Mary said, "I suppose, mamma, to-day has been a damp day, for your hair is hanging quite out of curl. Have you been out of doors?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"No, my love."

Mary.—"Then how could your hair suck up moisture, as papa said? There is no water in this room to make your hair get out of curl."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Why, Mary, there may be water in this room, and yet you may not see it."

Mary.—"Oh, mamma, if there were the smallest drop, I could see it hanging on the wall, or dropping from the ceiling."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"If it were in the state of water you could."

Mary.—"And if it were ice, too, mamma."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Yes, Mary; but water may be in other states besides ice. Look at the

steam which is rising in columns out of the urn ; this also is water—part of the water contained in the urn.”

Mary.—“ How can this be, mamma ? I see no drops of water ; I see nothing but that smoky cloud which you call steam. I know, indeed, that it comes out of the urn, and I suppose it comes from the boiling water.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ Yes. While water boils, it passes off in the form of steam, and mixes with the air of the room.”

Rosalind.—“ Then, I suppose, if this water in the urn could be kept boiling for some time, it would all become steam ; and that puts me in mind of something I saw yesterday in the kitchen. Susan had left a kettle of water on the fire, while she went about her business, and when I went to ask her for some hot water for you, she found the kettle empty. It had all, I suppose, passed out in steam.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ Yes.”

Mary.—“ Well, this is all very strange and curious ; but I wish I could see steam change back into water, as I now see water change to steam.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ Your wish can easily be gratified.”

Frank.—"Let me shew her, mamma ; I saw papa do it the other day."

Frank took a cold plate, and held it over the steam. It was immediately covered with drops of water, like dew. "There, Mary, you saw that the plate was dry when I put it over the steam ; it was the coldness of the plate, you see, touching the steam, which chilled it and turned it into water again."

Mary.—"Well, that is very curious ; and this steam, then, is really the water itself out of the urn. See, it mixes like smoke with the air of the room, and we do not see it any more. Is it turned into air, mamma ?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"No ; but it is so mixed or combined with it that you can no longer perceive it. And now then, Mary, you can understand that the air of this room may in fact contain water, though not in such a form as to become visible to your eyes."

Mary.—"Yes indeed, mamma. And now I see that what we mean when we say it is a damp or moist day, is, that there is water mixed with the air, though it does not come down in water, as rain."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Yes ; it is then not in the form of water, but of vapour, like this steam."

Rosalind.—"And it is this watery vapour which found its way into your hair to-day, mamma."

Mary.—"Yes; into the hollow of each little hair, I suppose, as papa said—but here he comes. Thank you, mamma; I understand about it now."—And she ran to her father to take from him his hat and stick.

When the party were again settled, their papa explained to them what the game consisted in. One of the party was to think of some remarkable circumstance related in history, and likely to be known to the rest. The thing to be guessed at is, the instrument which produced the event thought of; and both the event and its instrument—the thing which caused it—must be uncommon. When one of the party has fixed on his subject, the others are to put to him twelve questions respecting it; and in the course of these, or at the end of them, are expected to guess it.

Mr. Fairfax said he would think of something that should be sufficiently well known to them all; and their mamma agreed to help them on with questions.

"Respecting the instrument, or thing which caused the event," said Mr. Fairfax, "you may

ask me whether it is animal, vegetable, or mineral."

Frank repeated the question.

Mr. Fairfax.—"Nearly, but not entirely mineral."

Rosalind.—"Is it told in ancient or in modern history?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"In modern."

Frank.—"In what country did it happen?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"That is too direct a question; but you may ask in what quarter of the globe it happened, and I shall then say, in Europe."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"I will ask if it was employed for a good or for a bad purpose?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"For a bad one."

Rosalind.—"May I ask whether it destroyed life?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Yes, you may. It did not destroy life; though I will say, to make this guess easier, that it was *intended* to destroy life."

Mary.—"Was it a live thing?—but no, you said it was mineral."

Mrs. Fairfax told Mary she might ask whether it was used by sea or by land.

Mr. Fairfax.—"By land."

Frank.—"Mamma says I may ask whether it was employed by a subject to a governor?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"It was."

Rosalind.—"Is the thing ever used for food?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"No."

Frank.—"Is it ever used in time of war?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Yes. And now, Mary, as you have only a very few questions more, you may draw nearer, and ask if it happened in such or such a country."

Mary.—"Did it happen in Germany?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"No."

Rosalind.—"In England?"

Mr. Fairfax.—"Yes. Now guess; you have each three guesses allowed. Come, Rosalind, call over all you have collected from the answers I have given to your questions, and see what you can make of them."

Rosalind.—"The instrument used, then, was mineral, but not entirely; mixed, I suppose, with some other substance. It is related in modern history; it was used for a bad purpose, but did not destroy life; it was used on land, by a subject against a governor; it is used commonly in war; and, last of all, which makes it easy to guess, it happened in England."

Frank.—"Oh, now we shall certainly guess. Let me see—the curfew-bell."

Mr. Fairfax.—"No, Frank, though that is

not a bad guess, and it will do for a subject some other time."

Frank.—"Ah, I see, there is one thing not agreeing, certainly. The curfew was used by a governor to annoy his subjects, and not by subjects against a governor."

Mary.—"What can it be!—some kind of poison, I suppose."

Rosalind.—"Now I think I have guessed it; for papa said it was sometimes used in war, and that put me on guessing what was used in war, and then I thought of gunpowder; and now I am sure it was the gunpowder which old Guy Fawkes used."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Very well, Rosalind."

Mary.—"Oh, the gunpowder-plot; I wonder I did not think of it. I wish I had guessed it. Dear papa, it is such an amusing game, do let us go on!"

They did go on. Rosalind thought of something, and then Frank, and then Mary found something,—with a little help from mamma. But I shall not tell any more of their guesses, because I think some of my young readers will learn to play at this game themselves, if they do not already know it.

I shall only say that the evening passed pleasantly away; without any of that striving, or boasting, or disputing, which sometimes is allowed to mar the happy sports of young people, who forget that whether they labour, or think, or play, they are doing it in the sight of One, who bids them rejoice and sin not.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE return to the Fairfax family, at the end of a long and severe winter, which had brought with it a good deal of hardship, and even suffering, to them all. The confined and smoky atmosphere in which they had been living, had faded Rosalind's cheeks, and sunk her spirits; the baby too became sickly, and they all seemed to feel the baneful effects of a removal from the pure country air in which they had been brought up.

Spring came indeed at last, but its approaches were not welcomed as of old; painful recollections of its pleasures at Stanton, were to be struggled with; and as the general tone of the young people's health was not good, they had more difficulty in overcoming a disposition to sadness.

"Mamma," said Rosalind to her mother one day, "when I am talking to you, I always get happy, if I am not so at first. But I do not know how it is that I am never so cheerful now as I used to be,—even as I was in the autumn

and beginning of winter—after you got well at least.”

Mrs. Fairfax.—“ You are not quite well, Rosalind.”

Rosalind.—“ No, mamma, I believe not; and sometimes, indeed, I think I never shall be while we live here. I do not mean to be discontented, dear mamma, when I say so, but I do so long for fresh air and the country. I think if we had ever so small a cottage in the country, with greater hardships even than we have here, I should be happier.”

“ We will talk of this again soon, my dear child,” said Mrs. Fairfax. “ Your father is turning every thing in his mind, and endeavouring to arrange matters for our future happiness. You do not know, my Rosa, how anxious he is about us all.”

Rosalind.—“ Ah, mamma, I think I do know it, too, for often when he is holding his book before him, his eyes are not looking at it. Last night, I remember, he dropped his book, and when I picked it up and asked him if he had been dozing, he said, ‘ No Rosalind, but I forgot that I was reading, for I was thinking of my children.’ Dear, kind papa! I wish we could repay him for all his care and goodness.”

One day, about the middle of March, Mr. Fairfax, who had been greatly occupied for several weeks in London, returned home later than usual. He looked tired; but putting some papers, which he had taken from his pocket, on the table, he turned to Mrs. Fairfax, and said, "Well, my love, this business is now, I think I may say, finally settled, and under the blessing of Providence, I trust it will turn out well."

"I hope and believe that it will," answered Mrs. Fairfax; "and now that it is decided on, my dear, I think we may venture to tell our children the determination we have come to, and what is about to happen to them."

Rosalind and Frank were in the room; they eagerly looked at her, and at each other, as their mamma said these words. Drawing very near her, and squeezing Rosalind's hand in anxious curiosity, Frank said—"Going to happen, mamma! oh, do tell us what is going to happen—it can be nothing disagreeable, I think, by yours and papa's looks, though papa does seem very tired."

Mr. Fairfax.—"To you, my dear children, I trust it will prove the very reverse of disagreeable; but, as you have observed, I am very tired, and your mamma has been waiting dinner for me

you know. You then, who have dined, shall leave us for the present; after dinner you may return and prepare to hear something that will surprise you very much."

Rosalind.—"Oh dear, how I do long to know."

And away they ran to tell Sanders, "that something very wonderful was about to happen—that a great secret was to be revealed to them after dinner.

"And, Sanders," added Frank, "you will hear it soon, you may be sure; but, Rose, Sanders smiles; ah, she knows it already, I see; now, dear nurse, own that you do—come, you do not deny it, and that is enough. How impatient I am!"

Sanders.—"Then suppose you take a book, my dear, and read to us, while your sisters finish their work. The time will pass much more quickly so."

Frank took her advice, and before they expected it, they heard their father call.

"Well now, papa," said Rosalind; "Dear papa," cried Mary, jumping up on his knee, "now for the secret."

"Well then, my dear children," said Mr. Fairfax, "be quiet and listen to me, for I want to explain a few things to you, not so much for your present satisfaction, as that you may be able

hereafter to recall and understand the reasons I have for the step I am now about to take.

I came, you know, to live in this place—unpleasant as I felt it would be to all of us, because I knew it would be necessary for me to pass a considerable part of my time in London, for the sake of arranging my affairs, and making the most of the little remnants of our fortune. I have been rather more successful in this business than I expected; and have now been for several weeks past deliberating with your mother on our future plan of life. A situation was offered me in London, which would have brought in some addition to our slender income; but, when I looked on this pale face especially—and he stroked Rosalind's cheek as he spoke—"I determined not to sacrifice my children's health and comfort by living (in so confined a way as would be necessary for us) in London, but to purchase a small farm in the country, and endeavour to support my family on its produce."

Rosalind.—"Oh, papa, I am so glad."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Stop, Rosalind, I have not done;—this plan had many things agreeable in it, but it offered no means of improving our situation, or giving to my children the chance of a tolerable independence hereafter:—in short I

rejected this plan," continued Mr. Fairfax, pausing for a moment while he looked at Frank, who uttered something like a groan at these words—Rosalind too, dropped her head despondingly—and Mary exclaimed, that "this was a very disappointing, disagreeable secret after all."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Softly, children, you have not heard the secret yet."

Mary's countenance brightened up; "There, Frank, do you hear that? Dear papa, we will not interrupt you by speaking or sighing any more."

"I gave up this plan," continued Mr. Fairfax, "and formed another, which your mother, for her children's sake, was brought to consent to.—I resolved to leave England and go to America, where the small sum I possess would, I knew, purchase and stock a large tract of land, on which our own industry,—if blessed with life and health,—would secure to us an honourable independence."

The children were speechless with astonishment—the news—the secret was revealed, but they were almost stunned by it: to leave England, and cross the ocean! could it be possible! A few minutes, however, and they passed from astonishment to joy.

They had, of course, none of the feelings which usually affect older persons at the thoughts of leaving their country. Stanton, in fact, was their country—was England to them; in leaving Stanton they had already left all they had ever known or loved in England. It is not to be wondered, then, that so soon as the new idea got familiar to their minds, it became delightful, and the room resounded with shouts of gladness.

Rosalind.—"Then we shall leave this ugly dirty street—and see green fields and lovely trees once more!"

Frank.—"And the ocean, Rose, the ocean! we shall see the great waters of the ocean,—we shall be on it."

"And we shall live in the country, too," said Mary, "when we get to America, and have fields, and cows, and gardens of our own, I dare say."

Frank.—"America, too! What a grand thought it is! Let us go and find all about it in 'The Geography of the World.' But I remember,—great forests—fine rivers—and lakes—like inland seas!—Oh, Rosalind, I am so glad! I shall go mad for joy."

Rosalind.—"Get the map—do get the map, Frank."

Mr. Fairfax unrolled a very large map of the world. "Look here, Rosalind, this is North America—there will be our future home; it will in many respects be unlike a foreign country, for we shall hear our own language spoken, and be governed by our own laws."

Rosalind.—"Well, I am glad of that, papa—indeed the thought becomes pleasanter and pleasanter every moment; but Sanders, what will become of poor dear Sanders?"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"She has agreed to go with us; indeed she thinks it most likely that her brother and his family, who have often been talking of emigrating, will be induced, by our going, to get a tract of land near us."

Rosalind. — "Well, this is pleasant news indeed. And we shall live in a log-house, I suppose—in a forest: oh Frank, shall you not like that?"

Mr. Fairfax. — "We shall have a great many inconveniences to encounter, Rosalind, and shall have occasion for much labour and perseverance before we find ourselves at our ease: but you have been learning to put up with hardships—to give up habits of self-indulgence, and to acquire those of patient industry—or I should scarcely have thought on this scheme."

Frank.—"How thankful we may be to you and mamma, who taught us these habits; but pray tell us when we shall go."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Very soon. I hope that we shall be able to complete our arrangements by the middle of April, when a vessel is expected to sail for Quebec."

"So soon, so soon!" cried all the children at once—"in three weeks!"

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Yes. I am going into town to-morrow, to begin my purchases; for it is necessary to lay in a stock of those articles which cannot be so well procured in Canada. We shall add to our books also some that will be useful and entertaining to you all hereafter."

"But here is Sanders; go to bed, Mary, we must all be up early to-morrow, for it will be a busy day."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TIME passed rapidly away, amidst the bustle of preparation, with the Fairfaxes. Among many pleasant hopes and feelings, however, were mingled, as must almost always be the case in this world, some painful ones. It was pain to these young people to think of parting with Martha, whom they really loved ; and it was pain to part with Benjamin, to whose happiness and improvement they had so greatly contributed.

Mr. Hastings consoled them, however, in both these cases. Martha, he said, should be his sister's particular care. He had already formed a scheme to enable her to earn a comfortable subsistence. She had been well educated, and was, therefore, capable of undertaking a little school, which he had no doubt of being able to collect for her. Benjamin, he said, should be her first scholar ; he himself would pay for his schooling, and watch his progress. To avoid the fatigue of walking backwards and forwards,

it was settled that he should take his meals with Martha, which would secure to her a pleasant and constant companion. His young friends pleased themselves with putting up a parcel of their books and other things, to instruct and amuse him after their departure.

It was on a lovely April morning that the Fairfax family left their humble dwelling, and bade a long farewell to London. Their last journey had been a sorrowful one, full of regret for the home they were leaving, and of gloomy thoughts about the new one they were seeking. This, on the contrary, was, to the youthful part of the family at least, full of pleasant and cheering expectation. Their young hearts bounded within them at thought of the scenes which lay before them; while their parents, satisfied in having made a wise, and not a selfish decision, committed their ways to the never-failing guidance of Providence, and were able to sympathize in the happiness of their children.

As they left the immediate neighbourhood of London, every eye was refreshed and delighted by the sight of green fields and blossoming hedges. One should have passed an autumn

and winter in the smoky outskirts of London, and under the peculiar circumstances of the Fairfax family, I suppose, to understand fully the feelings which they experienced on returning to the country, amidst the opening beauties of early spring.

Two days' journey brought them to the coast; but as it was dark when they arrived at their inn, they were obliged to wait for the morning till their intense desire of seeing the sea could be gratified.

They were very tired; but the noise made by the dashing waves was too new and interesting a sound to lull them into repose for a long time. As soon as they were dressed on the following morning, the whole party went down to the beach. The tide was coming in with a strong breeze, and the waters were tinged with a lovely bluish green, when the young Fairfaxes first looked on the ocean. Their parents enjoyed the surprise, the awe, and admiration of that first look: all were silent for a few minutes, and then broke out into loud raptures. The sight of so many large and beautiful vessels moving on the waters, or lying at anchor, next claimed their attention; the whole was indeed like an enchanted scene to our young people, and it was difficult to tear

them away when the time came for them to return to their inn.

“ Well, Frank,” said Mr. Fairfax, observing Frank’s silent admiration, as he stood at a window facing the sea,—“ Well, Frank, I want to hear what you think of this new and wonderful sight.”

“ Papa,” replied Frank, “ I was thinking just then how great God must be.”

Mr. Fairfax.—“ Yes, Frank, and how good also, in giving us power over this mighty work of his hand ;—power to make to ourselves a path, as it were, over these vast waters, so that we may enjoy all the various advantages of distant countries and climes. Thus you see, that most of the blessings of this life, with the happy tidings of a better, may be conveyed from one end of the world to the other, even *by means* of what seems at first sight, so vast, so insuperable a barrier.”

Rosalind.—“ It is in having given us reason, papa, I suppose, that God has given to us this power ?”

Mr. Fairfax.—It is, Rosalind ; it is by means of this gift of reason, when properly used, that man is thus permitted to bend his Creator’s works to his wants and will.”

A note was now brought in to Mr. Fairfax. “ My dear,” said he, turning to Mrs. Fairfax

after he had read it, "we shall be off sooner than we expected,—to-morrow at five o'clock, if the wind remains fair."

Frank, on hearing this, gave a sudden bound; but Rosalind, looking at her mother, touched his elbow: they went back to the window.

"I know what you mean, Rosalind," said he; "the thought of this voyage, which puts me out of my wits for joy, is not all pleasure to papa and mamma; they may have many feelings in leaving their country which are not at all pleasant, I can easily suppose; they look anxious indeed, especially mamma. I will not be selfish, Rosalind." And they were both silent for a few moments, when their father's cheerful voice, calling Frank to come and help him do something to the luggage, and their mother's affectionate smile, soon restored to these light hearts all their former gaiety.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT five o'clock in the morning, the whole party of emigrants assembled on the beach, to wait for the boat which was to convey them to their ship. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax, their five children, and Sanders, her brother and his family, with a young man named Gregory, who had lived as under-gardener in Mr. Fairfax's family; and having been a great favourite with him, on account of his good qualities, was now desirous of going along with his old master, and trying his fortune in America.

They were lifted one by one into the boat; Frank, however, preferring to follow the example of the men of the party, got on the sailor's back. They were then desired to sit quietly, but to look about them as much as they liked.

As they rowed out into the harbour where their vessel lay at anchor, there were so many new objects to attract their notice, that the children hardly knew which way to look, or what

questions to ask first. It was — “ Oh dear, papa, do you see that great vessel; what are the men about in it ? ” — and, “ Oh, Frank, look at those boats with sails tossing about, — and pray, look at that man on the very top of the mast ! how dreadful to see him climbing by ropes only, at that height ! it makes me quite giddy to look at him.”

Papa had not time to answer half their questions ; but he told them to look attentively at every thing around them, and try to fix it in their memory ; “ and then,” said he, “ we will talk it over during the voyage, when we shall have plenty of time, and also shall be glad of something to amuse us.” They promised to do so, but were in danger of being bewildered by the number of things to be remembered.

There were such numbers of vessels of various sizes around them, from the smallest fishing-boat to the largest man-of-war, — some at anchor, some just coming into port, and some going out. Then the town, the batteries, and the whole line of shore, had such a strange and beautiful effect, as the boat carried them further and further off, seeming to glide away from them, while at the same time, a wider and wider view opened before them.

At length they came alongside the *Anne*,—the ship in which Mr. Fairfax had taken his passage. All on board seemed bustle and confusion; it happened that, besides the passengers who had come all the way from London in her, there were a great many more who, like themselves, had been waiting to be taken on board at Portsmouth; a whole boat-load of them had just reached the ship, accompanied by friends who were anxious to take a last leave, and see them safely embarked. So there were some ascending the sides of the ship,—some anxiously watching over a party of children,—some looking to their trunks, and screaming to the boatmen not to let them drop into the water—and some crying at parting with their friends; while others were scolding, and a few laughing at the whole scene.

Our party, however, at length, got alongside the *Anne*, and mounted her deck. Mr. Fairfax and Frank went up by a kind of ladder made of ropes—for Frank disdained to be swung up; but the females of the party were drawn up, one by one, in chairs, Mrs. Fairfax holding little Flora in her arms, Maurice with Sanders. Their luggage was then hoisted, and the boat dismissed. They were on board the *Anne* at last,—bound

for America!! It was a wonderful thought! but they had not time to ponder over it, there were too many things to look at. Besides, the ship's steward now came forward, with a great deal of civility, to shew them into the cabin where they were to lodge; and then he had their things all stowed away for them, in the best possible order.

"What surprises me the most," said Rosalind, when they came upon deck again, "is, that such an immense quantity of timber as this great vessel, should float so easily in the water."

Mary seemed more perplexed how such numbers of people could be stowed away in so small a space, for there were, in all, between twenty and thirty passengers, besides the crew of the ship.

Frank.—"And then you know, Mary, there is the luggage belonging to each passenger; and not only this, but also provisions and water for all of us, for many weeks. For you know this is not like travelling by land, when one can stop and dine at an inn."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Very true, Frank; and you have forgotten the cargo of merchandize, too, which is very heavy."

The captain, who was good-humoured and obliging, seemed interested in Frank's remarks

and inquiries; and assured him that he had frequently taken out twice as many passengers as he then had. "But you will see," said he, "that those who go to sea have learned the art of packing every thing in a small compass, and putting every thing into its right place, so as to make the most of all the space there is. And though we are not pressed for room this voyage," he added, "I hate to see the deck covered with litter and lumber; but the steward I have now, is a very careful man, and will soon have every thing in proper order."

He then went to give some directions to his men; and in about half an hour's time, all signs of confusion had vanished, and every thing was put away so tidily, that Rosalind exclaimed, "Well, mamma, we thought ourselves very clever in putting away things in our little lodgings, and making the most of our room; but I declare that nothing can at all equal a ship for order." She observed with admiration the various contrivances for this purpose,—the hooks, and strings, and drawers, and cupboards, in every place where any thing of the kind could be contrived,—not a nook or corner but what was made useful.

"You will observe," said Mr. Fairfax, "that

besides order, there is another thing to be attended to in a ship, and that is, to put things away *securely*, so that when the ship rolls, they may not be shaken out of their places. You see that our trunks are not only stowed out of the way, that they may not take up too much room, but fixed to their places also, that they may not be tossed out: the table, and several other pieces of furniture in the cabin, were, as you might have noticed, screwed down to the floor."

Frank, who had been following the captain about, now came running, or rather tumbling, up to his papa and sisters, who were seated on deck. "Oh Rosalind, oh Mary, what do you think! here are animals on board, really and truly,—sheep, and goats, and poultry,—and Captain Blane says, some of the sheep belong to papa."

Mary.—"Well, this is the most surprising thing of all!—we are in an ark, it seems,—that is very pleasant—dear papa, do let us go and see the creatures."

Rosalind and Mary both started up together, but down they tumbled again, and Rosalind looked rather deplorable; a second and a third time the same thing occurred. Their papa laughed,—“Rosalind, you have not got your sea-legs yet.”

Rosalind.—"Sea-legs, papa, what can you mean? I am afraid I shall not be able to use my legs at all; pray let me cling to you. Oh dear me, what shall I do!"

Mr. Fairfax.—"When you are accustomed to the motion of the ship, you will be able to walk about without falling, and then you will have gained what they call sea-legs. If indeed the ship should toss very much, even your sea-legs will not serve you; nothing will do in that case, but sitting or lying."

Frank.—"I do not mind tumbling about, papa, it only makes me laugh. But pray do let us go and look at the sheep; I will shew the way, for I have been with Captain Blane, you know."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Stop, Frank, we shall have time enough for the sheep before we see land again;—look, they are weighing anchor; I want you to observe how they draw it up, winding the cable round the capstan."

A very gentle breeze arose as the *Anne* went out of harbour; and the young people seated on deck, close to their father and mother, watched with delight their vessel glide along, making a path, as it were, through the waters. The younger children, having taken some food, had fallen asleep in their parents' arms; and Frank

and Rosalind began to exult in the thought, that they should escape that suffering sickness, which they had been taught to expect.

"Really, mamma," said Rosalind, "we took our medicine for nothing—perhaps you will say, though, that it has been the means of preventing the sickness."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Do not be too sanguine, Rosalind, we have had no trial yet, with this gentle breeze—but I trust what we gave you will lessen the suffering, if it does come."

As they got further out at sea, the breeze freshened, they made rapid sail—tossed a good deal—and Rosalind, Frank, Mary, all turned very pale. Mrs. Fairfax and Sanders began to feel ill—cloaks were spread out, and they lay on deck, incapable of speaking or moving, until a violent shower of rain drove the whole party,—some carried, the others staggering as they could,—down to their cabin; they flung themselves into their berths, and lay for several hours in a wretched state, the two younger ones only calling for food. Now, indeed, the doleful part of the business had arrived; Mary and Rosalind were quite sure they were going to die. Frank even said, he never knew before what illness was.

The breeze continued ; and when night was come, one and all declared they could not rise from their berths, even to have their clothes taken off. Their papa however declared, that it would never do to give up in this manner—so their mamma and Sanders undressed them as well as they were able, while Mr. Fairfax, who was also very ill himself, held the two little ones in his arms.

CHAPTER XX.

IN the morning there was still greater difficulty about getting up—even Frank pronounced it to be impossible—he was sure he could not stand.

“What, not get up and go on deck, Frank!” said his father.

Frank.—“Oh, papa, do pray let me lie where I am.”

Mr. Fairfax.—“Why, Frank, I am surprised at you. Come, give me your hand, my boy; and remember this, all of you,—that the more you give way to your sickness, and the less you attempt to resist it, the worse it will be for you. I warn you, also, that in all sickness, but especially in sea-sickness, people are inclined to be selfish; do your best then to resist this temptation—resist it stoutly. Look at your mother; ill as she is, she is dressing Flora as she sits on the floor there; and Sanders, who is little better, is feeding Maurice,—for that happy fellow is quite well this morning. I am uncomfortable

enough myself, but ready to lend a helping hand to the first who has resolution enough to jump up."

Frank started up, and taking his father's offered hand, "Papa, I will not be selfish or cowardly—if I can help it,"—he added rather despondently—for the first standing up was a great trial.

"That's right," said Mr. Fairfax. "Now you and I will go on deck with Maurice, the fresh air will do you good; Gregory is there, he will take care of you both, while I return for the others."

It was next Rosalind's turn. "Oh, she was too ill—quite too ill to move."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"Rosalind, I too am ill, and Sanders has held Maurice so long, that you see she is quite faint. Remember, my dear, what your father said just now about selfishness."

Rosalind wrung her hands; "Oh, mamma, what shall I do!" She raised herself up in her berth, however, and looked at her mother. "Oh, mamma, how pale you are! pray give me Flora, I think I could hold her."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"That is right, Rosalind, but you shall hold her on the floor—it will be safer, Give me your hand, and I will help you out,"

Rosalind crawled out, and reached the floor; the baby was put into her arms, and Mrs. Fairfax, willing to give her an opportunity of exerting herself, lay down for a few minutes in her berth.

The fear Rosalind was in about letting Flora fall, did her good, as it called off her attention from herself; she was soon able to ask her dear Sanders, if she could do nothing for her; and when her papa came in, he had the pleasure of seeing that the selfish feelings had not prevailed with Rosalind—his own dear Rosalind. He smiled at her cheerfully, and took Flora from her; she then, with a little help, was soon dressed and ready to go on deck.

But Mary, poor Mary had been lying silently in her berth all this time;—I said, lying *silently*—but a few faint groans proved that she was alive. To her mother's desire that she would get up, to Rosalind's declaration that it really was not so bad when one was once up, she only replied, "That they did not know how bad she was—nobody, in fact, had been so bad, and nobody seemed to pity her."

"Come, Mary," said Mr. Fairfax, "we have all, or most of us, been quite as bad; and Rose would have continued so, if she had persisted in

indulging herself; she, however, has begun to think of others, and in so doing, has thought and felt less of her own grievances; but whether this be the case or not, you are aware that it is your duty to exert yourself, and do what I desire you."

"Mary, are you willing to get up of yourself?"

Mary buried her face in her pillow.

Mr. Fairfax went to Mary's little berth and lifted her out of it. "Is this like a good, kind, patient little girl, to keep us here when we are all waiting and wishing for the fresh air?"

"Oh, papa," said Mary, with tears, "forgive me,—I will not be selfish any more—I will not be cross. Rosalind, I am very sorry I was cross to you; sit down, pray, and I will try to do my own boots, thank you."

The matter was now settled—it was the first effort that cost the most; the whole party were soon assembled on deck. The captain, at Mr. Fairfax's request, had mattresses laid for them, with their cloaks; and they all sat or reclined as they liked.

The captain, seeing how much they were revived by the fresh air, asked what they would eat—but every one was disgusted at the thought of food; he told them, however, that they must

eat something to keep off faintness, and he begged they would tell him what they could fancy.

Frank thought he could eat any thing very salt.

"Well then, my lad," said Captain Blane, "our salt beef will suit you to a turn. Here, Pattison, bring up some salt beef and potatoes." The men were just going to dinner.

The salt beef and potatoes tempted every body (for there is usually a craving for salt in sea-sickness), and altogether a hearty meal was made. And Mary felt ready to acknowledge that this was better than lying pining down below. The remainder of the day passed in tolerable comfort. At night they took magnesia and lemonade—found some relief from it, and slept well.

The next morning all were much better, and both able and willing to get up and exert themselves. They were first, indeed, roused by Frank's laughter, at seeing his father shaved by a sailor. Mr. Fairfax said he should be obliged to submit to this till his hand became steady, and able to accommodate itself to the motion of the ship.

This day passed pleasantly; the children busied themselves in learning to walk—for as yet they were awkward in balancing themselves. Now, they could visit the sheep and poultry, and ask questions, and watch the sailors climbing

the ropes and shifting the sails. They were able too to be kind to the other passengers who continued sick; they assisted nurse Sanders in looking to her brother's children, whose parents were both very bad—and were glad to amuse and watch them, and teach them to walk.

In this kind of way, the first two or three days passed. Mrs. Fairfax, having recovered herself, now unpacked the things she thought they would have occasion for during the voyage. Lessons then began again, which was a great relief to the sameness of their days. When Mrs. Fairfax had finished her's with her girls, she took them up on deck if it was fine weather, and left the cabin to Mr. Fairfax and Frank. If it rained, they were obliged to manage as well as they could to keep quiet and not disturb each other. That no one should complain, but do his best under the little difficulties which beset him, was the rule laid down for all.

When the weather was fine, they enjoyed being on deck. It was a great amusement to feed and play with the goats,—Patty and Greybeard. They grew so tame that they would eat out of their hands; it was very droll, too, to observe the odd things they would devour,—scraps of paper, carpenter's shavings, &c. Yet

they were dainty in their way, too; for if Frank offered them a bit of biscuit which he had bitten or even breathed on, they would reject it. Then the sailors had taught them a variety of droll tricks, and Frank was delighted to take little Maurice by the hand, and watch them.

The scene changed a little as they got out into the Atlantic; the waves were now of an enormous size, and the colour of the sea became deep blue. Then the sunsets! How delighted was Rosalind to observe them, to watch the ball of fire as it descended in the sky, and at last rested on the waters, overspreading them with its golden glory. This was the part of the day most delightful to her; and she loved to sit by her mother, that they might enjoy it together.

“It is quite wonderful, mamma,” she said one evening,—“it is quite wonderful to think that I am here, in the midst of the vast Atlantic—sailing towards the great New World, yet quietly looking at a sunset on these mighty waters. I can scarcely fancy myself a little girl now, mamma; I seem to be enjoying the pleasures of grown people. Are you not glad, dear mamma, that I am so happy, and that I do not feel tired of this kind of life?”

“ I am indeed, my dear child,” replied Mrs. Fairfax, but now let us have our evening hymn, for you see—“ ’Tis gone”—Rosalind caught her mother’s words,—

“ —— that bright and orbed blaze
Fast fading from our wistful gaze.”

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER the *Anne* had been about three weeks at sea, the weather, which had been very pleasant, suddenly changed, the wind dropped, and a dull heavy calm hushed old ocean into one long slumber,—wearisome even to his most faithful admirers. Other sources of amusement must now be sought; books and conversation were more than ever valued, the pencil and the paint-brush too, could now be used to advantage.

Frank, who had by his mother's advice kept a kind of log-book,—an account, that is, of their progress, and of every thing they saw, all the remarkable changes in the weather, &c.,—had now nothing but his dates, with the oft-repeated words,—“Calm continues,” to put down. One day however, to his great joy, he heard a stir among the sailors, and on inquiring the cause, was told that two sharks had just been seen, and

that they were determined to have some sport, and were looking accordingly, for their hooks or fish-gigs; but as these could not be found, they prepared to attack the monsters in another way. One of the sailors made a slip-noose of small cord, through which was put another cord baited with a bit of pork, which was held by another sailor, and let down into the water. Frank called his father out of the cabin, and they stood watching with eager curiosity what would follow. The back fins of the shark were now seen above water, he followed the bait, and as soon as he had got entangled in the noose, the sailor who held it drew it tight, so that he could not escape; the monster was shortly after dispatched, and then dragged on deck and cut up.

This part of the voyage, which most of the passengers found so wearisome, was neither unpleasantly nor unprofitably passed by the young Fairfaxes, much as they regretted the loss of their cheerful breeze. While all was so still, they could take out their work or drawing; and they were often indulged with their mother's paints, that they might try and catch, as they fancied they could, the brilliant colours of the sky at sunset, or the tints which the water reflected

from it. Both parents, too, kindly exerted themselves, to amuse and instruct their children by reading and conversation. Among a bundle of manuscripts which Mr. Fairfax had put up to read to them on their passage, was a tale, which he took out one day in the course of this dull period, to the great delight of the whole party. Frank, having placed himself to his mind at his father's feet, Rosalind on one side, and Mary on his knee, Mr. Fairfax read aloud to his attentive auditors,

THE HISTORY OF NORVAL.

Norval was the son of a poor farmer, whose honest industry enabled him to supply his family with all the comforts of humble life. But though he laboured for his children, they were not allowed to eat their bread in idleness. Each one, according to his age and ability, took part in the daily business of life.

Young Norval's charge was his father's sheep, which he led every morning to the neighbouring downs, taking with him food to supply his wants during the day, and returning at sunset to join his family in their evening meal. The sameness of such a life was distasteful to young Norval,

and urged his active mind to seek diversion for itself; he found it in the indulgence of what are called day-dreams,—visions, that is, of wealth, and splendour, and gaiety, which, he thought, must inevitably make their possessors the happiest of mortals; and he conjured up all he had ever heard or read of, to supply his mind with the pictures which so greatly enchanted him. When tired of these, he would endeavour to recall the old legends and stories, which he had heard in his infancy respecting fairy-land; and beautiful visions of its gay inhabitants would often flit before his eyes. As he wandered about with his sheep, he frequently found himself near some of those grassy rings and hillocks, of a deeper green than the rest of the pasture, which in olden times were supposed to be the haunts of fairies. On such spots he would remain insensible to every thing around him, while he ruminated on all he had ever heard of these fantastic beings,—of the splendid festivals they held, and the gay dances they were said to lead within these magic circles,—of the treasures they possessed, the powers they were endued with, and the rich attire they wore. The more young Norval thought on these things, the more discontented he grew with his own situation; his

heart no longer bounded as he returned to his home; the book or the knitting, which his kind mother had provided for him, to pass away the time, were now thrown aside. He had no longer any pleasure, but in visionary thoughts of fairyland,—no desire, but that he might one day be fortunate enough to meet with some of these airy beings, and mingle in their revels.

At length, one fine summer's evening, having left his sheep to find their way home, he seated himself on a little knoll, to enjoy his own contemplations. His eyes were fixed on one of those grassy rings we have been describing; it was now illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and, as the last gleam faded away, it assumed the appearance of a lovely garden, within whose bounds were troops of men and women of wondrous beauty and brilliant appearance, some dancing, some singing, and some feasting among the trees. As he stood gazing in speechless wonder on the scene before him, one of the party came forward: "Poor child of earth," he said, touching Norval on the shoulder,—“poor child of earth, what fortunate star has led you into our dominions?—come, forget your work-a-day life, and enjoy the pleasures of fairyhood:”—so saying, the fairy, whose name was Atropa,

led our delighted youth into the merry throng, among whom he skipped and danced, enchanted with the scene, and delighted at his own agility. Every one of these gay little beings seemed amiable, every body disposed to oblige him. When the song and the dance ceased, they led our hero to an ivory table, covered with golden plates containing the choicest dainties, and emerald cups filled with rosy-coloured wine.

As night approached, thousands of tiny animals hung out their pale green lamps, which cast a soft and beautiful light, while sweet music lulled the fairies to sleep, on beds of moss, softer than eider-down. How long our Norval slept we do not know ; but he and the rest of the company were awakened by a cock crowing ; and he followed his fairy friends into a splendid palace. Passing through a long suite of rooms, each more beautifully decorated than the last, they reached one loftier and more magnificent than the rest, where a new feast was spread, and the golden plates and emerald cups again dazzled poor Norval's eyes. Atropa a second time addressed him : "Young mortal," said she, "you have now seen something of a fairy's life, and you must perceive that you have nothing in all the dull realities of your world to compare with it; are

you willing to become one of us?" "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the delighted boy, from whom all thoughts of home and dear friends had faded away;—"oh, yes!" and he repeated the words of an old song:—

* "Since these delights you have to give,
Fairies, with you I fain would live."

The fairies were satisfied with his answer; a brilliant ring was put on his finger, and gay robes thrown over him. With delight he now surveyed himself in the mirrors of this enchanted hall; he became conscious of new bodily powers; he found himself able to leap fifty feet high, to stand on his head, and perform other feats of activity with ease. But he was shortly roused from his intoxicating self-admiration, by the crowd and bustle which was taking place at the other end of this spacious apartment. As he approached he saw a number of fairies busy over a large silver cauldron, stirring up and carefully mixing its contents, while they sang the following spell:—

The Cauldron Spell.

Magic herbs of mystic might,
 To clear from glamour-spells the sight,
 Fairies ! in the cauldron boil :
 Bright illusions, fade away !
 Truth must her clear light display,
 And unreal pageants spoil.

Bring hither the plant of the ominous name,
 Rue, whose virtues the mortals proclaim,
 To enlighten the misty eye ;
 And the herb that expands man's eye to the light,
 The fair lady* that leads to the shade of night,
 To the boiling pot supply.

The fern-seed, by mortal man unseen ;
 From the brown oak-bough the mistletoe green,
 Of strange, mysterious use ;
 And flowers amid human bones that bloom
 To decorate the warrior's tomb,
 Combine their potent juice.

Boil, cauldron, boil, to our mystic rhyme !
 Fairies, draw near ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
 The liquor is ready, the spell is done !
 Approach, mortal youth, to the cauldron of truth,
 Of the fairy-troop thou art henceforth one.

Norval obeyed the summons, and, following
 the example of his companions, bathed his eyes
 with the magical liquor of the silver cauldron ;
 when lo ! to his astonishment and dismay, the

* Bella Donna (fair lady) is the deadly nightshade, which
 enlarges the pupil of the eye, even in the strongest light.

whole scene before him was changed: the beautiful fairies were transformed into little ugly dwarfs, clad in rags—his own gay robes into mean and dirty shreds—the splendid palace into a dismal cavern hung with cobwebs—the rich fruit and other dainties into turnip-parings, berries, and all sorts of refuse—the emerald cups into earthen ones—the golden plates to wooden platters—and the rosy wine to muddy water!

Poor Norval was speechless, but his fairy friends laughed heartily, and seemed to enjoy his surprise and disappointment; they told him, however, for his comfort, that though all he had seen before, was unreal, and the boasted gaiety and splendour of fairy-land a vision, yet they had both power and amusements of their own; and they offered him a wand, by means of which he could make those wonderful changes in the appearance of things which had so lately charmed him.

“But,” said Norval, hesitating to take the wand, and endeavouring to shake off the consternation which had seized him, “if all that splendour and gaiety which I saw, is unreal, it is not worth recalling. I had rather go back to my work-a-day life, as you call it, on earth.”

“That may not be,” said a stern looking fairy,

“you are now become one of us, since you have eaten and drunk with us; so make the best of your case, and it is not a bad one neither. Though you can no longer be deceived yourself, you can still deceive others, and amuse yourself, as we do, at the expense of your late fellow-mortals, playing them all sorts of tricks to astonish and annoy them, and especially seducing them to join us.”

Norval silently took the wand; and this gift completed his endowments. He was become a fairy, and was known by the name of Urgan.

Urgan was at first pleased with his new powers, and amused with the feats he was enabled to perform; but he suffered incessantly from an uneasy feeling within him which he could never dispel; it was as a cold and heavy weight at his heart, which never left him by day or by night. He consulted his companions about it, and he found that they were all subject to the same sensation, and urged by it, as he was, to seek relief by incessant activity; dancing about and flying from place to place; using their power of changing the face of things incessantly, because change was their chief amusement, and the greatest relief to their internal uneasiness; for the most lovely scene they could conjure up became disgusting to

them after revelling in it for a few moments. But their favourite diversion was found in the attempt to plague such unfortunate mortals as fell in their way; and Urgan, once so good-natured and compassionate, partook of this amusement also.

PART II.

After Urgan had passed some time in his new state, and was becoming more and more disgusted with the mockery of joy in which his fairy life was spent, his companions found means to entice among them another mortal, whose name was Sophron.

Urgan, from a remnant of human pity which was not quite worn out of his nature, felt desirous of warning the stranger of his danger. He invited him to join in the dance, and while the fairies were displaying all their grace and agility to charm him he whispered, into his ear, "Beware! who eats or drinks in fairy-land rues it evermore."

Sophron was about to reply, but Urgan put his finger to his lips in token of silence. This was the first good action which Urgan had undertaken in his fairy state, and it seemed to

give him a sense of pleasure ; he watched Sophron anxiously, and saw him reject the pressing invitations of the fairies to partake of the dainties in their golden plates, or drink from their emerald cups.

When the fairies, according to custom, had lain down to rest, Urgan, after binding Sophron to secrecy, led him towards the magic cauldron, the waters of which, the fairies of course permitted no one to use who had not eaten and drank at their feast, because the secret of their deception would then be revealed to one not himself enchanted, who would therefore betray it.

Sophron had just time to apply the magic water to one eye, undiscovered, and with that eye he beheld all the secrets of fairy-land laid open : its beauty and splendour vanished in an instant ; its meanness and deformity were exposed. He looked at Urgan, and put his hand to his heart in token of the gratitude he felt. " Happy mortal," said Urgan, " there is no cold weight there." " Stay patiently," he added, " till cock-crowing, and then, having no power over you, since you have not partaken our food, we shall leave you ; and when you mingle once more in the happy society of man, remember the fairy Urgan."

This incident lightened, in a small degree, the oppressive weight near his heart which Urgan had acquired with his fairyhood. Some time after, in one of his wanderings, invisible, like the rest of his companions, to mortal man, it chanced that he was seen by Sophron with the eye which had been washed in the magical waters of the cistern. The mortal eagerly approached him, and poured forth his gratitude to the fairy who had saved him from the malicious enchantments of his associates. "Sophron," replied Urgan, "use with prudence the knowledge which you have acquired; as you value your eye, never take notice of any members of our race whom you may happen to encounter; they would find out how you acquired the dangerous power, and terribly would they revenge themselves on that unfortunate eye. But you speak of gratitude, and I believe in the sentiment, for I once belonged to your kind: if then you are really desirous of repaying the favour I have done you, seek out the abode of that great magician, who, it is said, has power to break the spells of Fairyland, and to restore a mortal, decoyed thither by his own vanity and ambition, to the society of man once more: none of *us* dare approach him but at his call; you are free; seek him out then,

and if you are successful, come to this hillock, and, placing yourself within this dark-green circle, break the stick which I am about to give you—it will summon me to the spot.”

Urgan flew away, and the grateful Sophron set about fulfilling his commission. After many inquiries, and much fruitless search, he succeeded in discovering the abode of that celebrated magician whose power is felt through Fairy-land. He appeared before him, and made known to him the unhappy state of the fairy Urgan, and his desire of being restored to mortality, to which end Sophron implored the magician's powerful aid.

“Young man,” replied the magician, “your friend justly forfeited his mortal condition, when, slighting its blessings, he sought the vain and heartless enjoyments of Fairy-land; all my power is insufficient of itself, to restore him to what he has lost; yet there is a means, and only one.”

“Oh tell it,” said the impatient Sophron.

“He must persevere in doing good to men; he will suffer—you may warn him—and severely, for his benevolent exertions; but if, disheartened by contempt or other punishment, he gives up the task, he will remain spell-bound for ever.”

"And if he does persevere?" anxiously inquired Sophron.

"I may not say more," replied the magician—but I repeat that he has no other chance of release."

Sophron hastened to make known to his benefactor the success of his mission. He went to the appointed spot, and having broken the stick, soon saw Urgan by his side. The magician's answer was given, — and received with the warmest thanks. They parted.

Urgan, inspired by the hope of freedom, and encouraged by the relief which his first kind action had given to his inward uneasiness, now renewed his wanderings about the world,—not, like his companions, to seek out opportunities of injuring, or making sport of men—but of serving them.

His first adventure was on the sea-coast. There he beheld a beautiful lady, just landed from a vessel belonging to some pirates; she was weeping bitterly, and he found, from the conversation which he heard between them, that these pirates had stolen her from her friends, and were about to sell her to some slave merchants. Urgan transformed himself into the figure of a young man, and offered the pirates a

much larger sum of money for the lady than they could obtain from the slave merchants. Accordingly, they struck a bargain with him, and decamped. But when they got on board their vessel, and began counting their ill-gotten treasure, behold! it was changed into stones.

Meanwhile, Urgan inquired of the young lady how he could serve her. "Oh, if you will restore me to my friends," cried she, "I will be grateful to you for ever."

"Your wish shall be fulfilled, and speedily, fair lady," said Urgan. Upon which, he touched a cockle-shell with his wand, and it became a trim little boat. They jumped in, and glided across the sea to a neighbouring island, where, she said, her parents resided. After landing and walking a little way, the lady grew tired, whereupon Urgan, pulling up a rush, transformed it, by a touch of his wand, into a beautiful winged steed, which he mounted, taking the lady behind him. It bounded through the air with incredible swiftness, and soon brought the fair one to her home; but when she turned to thank her deliverer,—both horse and rider had disappeared! nothing remained near her but a rush!

Our fairy's next adventure was in a wood. He had seated himself among the boughs of a

tree, beneath which, some ill-looking fellows were talking. He found by their words that they were thieves, who were agreeing to rob a house in the next village, and to murder its master. Urgan, as soon as they went off, took the form of a dog, and followed them, barking violently. The thieves turned back, and attempted to kill him, but he always contrived to slip out of their way, and then he barked louder than before, making as much noise as a whole pack, so that all the neighbours, for miles round, came running out of their houses. Then the thieves made off, throwing away their lanterns that they might not be discovered in the darkness; but Urgan, following them, stuck a will-o'-the-wisp on each of their backs, so that the people pursued and caught them.

Another evening, after sunset, our kind fairy, when wandering in a forest, found two poor children, who were in sad distress, having lost their way, and being unable, as darkness came on, to find their home. Urgan discovered by their prattle in which direction it lay, and transforming himself into a light, he went before them over a bridge they had to cross, and guided them to the door, where he left them, with much more pleasure than he would have enjoyed in flitting

about, and decoying them into a marsh, which was one of the favourite sports of his malicious companions.

At length, however, Urgan's benevolence began to draw down trouble upon him; he was suspected of indulging human feelings; it was found that he would not join the other fairies in their ill-natured pranks; and that he had even thwarted them in some of their malicious schemes. A general outcry and ill-will was soon excited against him, and threats were reported which the fairy king had thrown out in his high displeasure. Yet Urgan was not cast down; he found the weight near his heart grow lighter, after the performance of each kind action; so he persevered in his benevolent course, assisting the industrious to get through their work, teaching the friends of the sick where to find healing herbs, opposing the designs of the evil-minded, and, in every possible way, lending a helping hand to the good and unfortunate.

PART III.

Urgan was not long suffered to proceed unmolested in this course. The fairy king held a

grand court, to which he summoned all the inhabitants of Fairy-land, Urgan among the rest—and he was obliged to appear. He was charged with acts of disobedience to the established laws of Fairy-land, with having thwarted the society in their pleasures, and performed—not for his own amusement, but with grave intent to benefit them, actions favourable to men. To these charges, however, he was invited to plead not guilty—as truth had no place among their laws; but he was to bind himself, under a dreadful penalty, never more to hold intercourse with the children of earth.

Urgan was then solemnly warned of the consequences which would follow, should he reject these conditions—but his mind was made up; tremblingly he advanced before the monarch of fairies, but firmly he pronounced these words,—*“Guilty of being a friend to man.”* His voice was drowned by the scoffs and reproaches of his former friends; till silence being again commanded, he was ordered to resign his wand to the fairy king, who, breaking it over his head, declared that the sentence of punishment was gone forth, and that it only remained for the society to lay their ban (curse) upon him. A thousand shrill voices then pronounced—

The Fairy Ban.

Traitor fairy ! friend of man !
 On thee we lay our direst ban ;
 Thou wouldst fairy-laws forsake ;
 Lo, thy fairy-wand we break !

Deeply shalt thou rue the hour,
 When thou so didst use its power ;
 For befriending man's vile race,
 'Mid the brutes is now thy place ;

If this cure not thy good-will,
 Lower still, and lower still,
 Shalt thou sink thyself in ill ;
 Hence ! thy dreary weird fulfill ;

Shout, fairies, shout, at the traitor's disgrace !
 Away with the friend to the human race !

The last words died away on poor Urgan's ears ; he heard—he saw no more : his next moment of consciousness found him a wild buffalo on the plains of Africa. He was shocked and disheartened at the transformation. "I was mortal," said he to himself,—“and I despised the condition of man ; I deserve to be what I am become—a brute ; unable any longer to do good to mortals—alas ! they will now fly me, or seek me only to destroy. What can I do !” “*Persevere*,” whispered something within

him ; and he lay down to sleep near the banks of a river.

How long he slumbered we cannot tell, but he was awakened by a loud shriek ; starting up, he saw a canoe on the river upset, and a man, his wife, and two children, carried down the stream. Our buffalo plunged in, and swam up to them ; the children, losing their terror of the animal in the fear of being drowned, caught hold of his horns, and the man and woman got on his back ; he then swam across the river, and to their great astonishment brought them safely to land.

Sometime after, he saw a traveller attacked by a tiger, who had struck down his horse, and was just about to make a second spring, when our brave buffalo suddenly rushed at him, tossed him up, and then trampled him to death. Finding that the traveller had sprained his ankle in the fall, and that his horse was dead, Urgan knelt down that he might mount on his back, and then carried him to a neighbouring hottentot kraal. It was dusk by the time they came near it, so that the buffalo was seen, but not his rider ; and a hottentot, coming out, shot a poisoned arrow into him, of which he died.

Urgan next found himself transformed into a mouse, on the plains of South America ; and he

remembered the words of the fairy ban,—that he should fall lower in the creation, if he persevered in doing service to man. “Alas!” said poor Urgan, as he betook himself to the shelter of an old barn, “I may now well despair; what so powerless as a mouse—or what more useless to man!” “Persevere,” said his inward monitor.

Our mouse had not dwelt many days in his barn, before some Indian robbers arrived there on horseback; and after having tied up their horses, came in to rest, dragging with them some white men whom they had pillaged, and were now carrying bound to sacrifice to their gods. Urgan had still enough of the fairy left about him to enable him to hear, and to understand what they said; and he perceived that, weak and insignificant as he appeared, he might still render service to man. He crept softly up to the prisoners, and gnawed asunder the cords by which they were fastened. He next crept up to the horses, and nibbled their bridles almost through; this done, he carried off a lighted twig from the fire they had kindled, to some straw which was heaped up in a corner of the barn, and set it in a blaze. The Indians started up in dismay and confusion; while the prisoners, finding their

cords broken, made off. The Indians mounted their horses in the greatest haste to pursue the fugitives; but before they could come up with them their bridles snapped—their horses threw them, and the white men had time to escape.

As for our poor little mouse, after he had performed this kind action, and as he was running out of the blazing barn, a kite pounced upon him, and devoured him.

Urgan next found himself in a still more helpless condition, as a frog in the same country. He lived for some time in a gentleman's garden, by the side of a pleasant spring, and apparently secure from danger. But he felt very disconsolate. "A frog, thought he, is even worse off than a mouse; he has no weapons wherewith to defend himself or others—he cannot even nibble;"—"Yet do not despair," said the voice within. And Urgan resigned himself to his state.

It happened one sultry day, that the owner of this garden, who was a planter, lay down to sleep in a shady spot by the side of a spring; Urgan, who was seated on the brink of it, perceived a venomous serpent coiled up close to him; the planter turning in his sleep, had touched with his foot the poisonous reptile, who was rearing himself up to strike him, when the little frog leapt on his

face to wake him to a sense of his danger ; the man starting up, saw the snake, and made his escape ; but the creature darted at the frog and swallowed him.

Where was Urgan now ? He had sunk to the lowest grade of the brute creation in persevering to do good ; he had exerted himself under the most humiliating and untoward circumstances both to act and to bear. The spell was broken by his own endeavours ; the fairy king's power over him was gone ; and no sooner had the snake in the planter's garden swallowed the little frog, than Urgan, restored to his own shape, found himself standing within the ring on the downs where he had first joined the fairies.

Full of joy and thankfulness, Norval, now no more Urgan, hastened home to his father and mother ; he was surprised at the alteration which had taken place in their appearance, and still more surprised to find that they did not know him. He was quite overpowered when his mother offered him a seat, and coldly asked him his business.

" You had a son, named Norval," said he.

" Aye," replied the dame, " no need to remind me of that ; many years did I look for him, and still I mourn him."

"He was a good lad," said the old man, "and might have been the staff of my old age; but he came to an untimely end, or else he wandered away and went beyond the seas. Something came over him latterly; we missed his merry laugh and contented look long before we missed himself; but stranger," said he, suddenly checking himself, and turning to Norval, "you look like a weather-beaten traveller, perhaps you have heard of his fate, and are come to tell how he perished." The old man brushed away his tears. "I thought I had done with these, many a year."

"Father, mother!" cried Norval, "look at me, is there nothing left to remind you of your long-lost Norval? See, mother, here is that very mark on my breast; how often have I heard you say you would know your Norval by it, though he were brought to you dead."

The happy mother looked at the mark, and then at the stranger, and then threw herself into his arms. The father wept for joy.

Norval first broke the long silence. He was astonished at the time which had elapsed. "It seems but yesterday," he said, "that I took from my kind mother's hand the basket and its store. How undeserved her kindness! But

listen, dear parents, to my strange story, for I see you have forgiven my folly and ingratitude. Alas, I have purchased wisdom dearly!"

Norval's story has been told; it only remains to relate the succeeding adventures of his life. Finding his brothers and sisters settled out in the world at a distance from home, and his father's strength declining, he took upon himself the management of the farm, and lived in contented retirement, endeavouring to improve his mind, and cherish every good affection of his heart. Sometimes, owing to unfavourable seasons, he had to endure the hardships of poverty, but to these he cheerfully submitted for himself, while he endeavoured to make them fall light on his parents.

One day, as he was reckoning his sheep near the very spot where he had been seduced by the fairies, he met his friend Sophron, and ran to embrace him. "Tell me," he said, "what fortunate chance has brought you here? I am, or rather I was, Urgan—but you know me not."

"I know you not indeed, as man," replied Sophron, "though I acknowledge you as my best friend; but I was told that I should find you on this spot. And I was sent by the great magician,

whose counsel helped to release you from enchantment. He desires a lock of your hair; for what purpose I am not permitted to explain at present; but I may tell you that your perseverance in the path of duty will draw down blessings upon you." They once more embraced, and parted.

Sophon carried the hair which he had cut from Norval's head to the magician, by whom, after sundry incantations, it was scattered to the winds, and by them dispersed in all directions. Now each hair was, by his magic art, made to bind and bring before him, to do his bidding, one of the fairies; and these unwilling messengers being assembled, were sent to the different persons whom Norval, under his various transformations, had befriended, to make known the restoration of their benefactor to his manhood, and to bear to him whatever tokens of gratitude they might be desirous of sending.

And now, to the amazement of Norval and his parents, gifts poured in from all quarters; it would weary you were I to name them all. From every clime they came—ingots of gold, and fine woods, from the white Americans, whose freedom he had procured. Ivory, pearls, and precious stones, from the grateful Africans. Sugar, spices—

the finest produce of his estates—from the planter so nearly destroyed by the venomous serpent. By the lady whom he had delivered from the pirates, and who was the wife of a powerful nobleman, he was invited to court, where she promised to put him in the way of attaining wealth and honour. Norval, however, was not now to be won by worldly splendour; he would not again desert his parents: but by a prudent disposal of the gifts bestowed on him, he was enabled to buy the little estate on which he had been born, and to enjoy with them a happy competency. To improve the condition of those around him, now employed all the powers of his active mind, and was the only luxury he sought to purchase for himself with the remaining part of his treasures.

After a certain period, when he had settled all his affairs at home to his mind, Norval was determined to indulge himself in a visit to the lady whom he had rescued in his fairy state from pirates, and whose story had made so great an impression on him, that he had always entertained a strong desire of seeing her again. Accordingly, he presented himself at her mansion. But still unable to reconcile the changes made by time, Norval was astonished to find in this

lady, only faint traces of the image which had been impressed on his mind; while in her daughter, who was about the age at which he had seen the mother when he delivered her from the pirates, he seemed to recognize her very form and feature, so closely did she resemble what her mother was at the period to which he looked back.

This daughter detained our Norval from his home longer than he had intended when he left it; for so interested was she in his history, which he related over and over to his kind hosts,—so charmed with his magnanimous endurance of his various trials, and his perseverance in doing good,—so delighted with his dutiful conduct as a son, and so engaged by his instructive conversation,—that she consented to become his wife; and, leaving the gaieties and splendour of her father's mansion, to go and reside with Norval near his parents, in the modest but pleasant retirement of his home on the downs; where, it may be added, they both passed a useful and a happy life.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE story of Norval gave occasion to a good deal of discussion among the young Fairfaxes, and many different opinions about it were given.

“Like your story of Corylla, papa,” said Frank, “I suppose Norval’s adventures have a figurative meaning. The gaiety and splendour of the fairy-revels, for instance, and their meanness and deformity to the eyes which had been washed in the waters of the magical cistern:—I should think this was meant to represent the fashion and splendour of the world, and those things which have no real value in themselves.”

Mary.—“Things which look like happiness, but are not?”

Mr. Fairfax.—“Yes; the story has a figurative meaning throughout; but at your ages you cannot fully enter into it. When you have seen a little more of the world, I have no doubt you will often think of Norval and his fairy crew—perhaps, too, with profit to yourselves.”

Rosalind.—"But, papa, this is quite different to what I thought people believed about fairies formerly."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Most of the old legends give the same account of them, I think; that is, they represent them as incapable of making any real change in the nature of things. All the fairy shows and revels were supposed to be unreal, and to be known as such by the fairies themselves—though they were enabled, by means of them, to dazzle the eyes, and excite the envy of mortals. So is it with worldly splendour, fashion, and luxurious ease, which are felt by the possessors to be unsatisfactory and vain, and incapable in themselves of affording happiness; while they are objects of envy and desire to the by-standers, in exact proportion to their ignorance and vulgarity of mind."

Old ocean continued locked in the same dull heavy slumber for some days longer. One evening, however, as Mrs. Fairfax was taking her evening stroll on deck, the captain came up to her. "Look at that sun-set, Madam," said he, pointing to the beautiful but fantastic ranges of clouds which hung over the setting sun, "that, to my mind, foretells something—a *change* in the

weather, at least, before many days pass over our heads."

The captain's words seemed likely to be verified sooner even than he expected, for on the morrow the whole scene began to change. The sails were seen gently to move, then to flap backwards and forwards, and soon after a tolerably fresh breeze arose,—porpoises in numbers were observed sporting round the ship, though the *Anne* was in full sail. The young people had once more the pleasure of watching the swell of the ocean, the rolling of the waves, and all the cheerful bustle caused by the ship's renewing her course.

But these and all other amusements soon ceased; the wind veered round full in their teeth, as it is called,—quite contrary, that is, to their course. The whole party became once more very sick; they stretched themselves on deck, but a drenching rain soon drove them below, and into their berths, for nobody could stand.

During the night the gale became very severe. The poor children were tossed about sadly, from one side to the other of their berths. Nobody but Flora and Maurice could get any sleep—nor could they talk to each other with the smallest chance of being heard; their voices were lost in

temporal good—otherwise, in our blindness, we may be asking for a curse instead of a blessing.”

Our weary voyagers, who had been refreshing themselves during the conversation I have related with the first meal they had taken since the storm, were now glad to repay themselves for their want of rest by a long and deep slumber. On the following morning they awoke refreshed, and without sickness,—complaining only of ravenous hunger.

It was delightful now to go on deck. The sun was shining out brightly, and the ship making rapid sail,—bounding, as it were, over the waves, which, still agitated by the effects of the late tempest, seemed, though in vain, to oppose themselves to her progress. The joyful sight of land, too, greeted them in the distance; and though, as they were told, it was but the dreary shores of Newfoundland, the sight was welcome to sea-sick voyagers.

As Frank and Mary, with Saunders, were leaning against the stern, every now and then getting a good pitch, to remind them where they were, their attention was caught by something in the distance, which they at first mistook for foam.

"No, Frank," said Mary, "I declare it is a great lump of snow; look, there is another, and another, what can they be?"

"They are white porpoises," said the captain, who was standing near. "I have been watching the creatures, as well as you, young folks."

"We have not seen them before," said Frank.

Capt. Blane.—"No, because they do not come beyond the Gulf."

Frank.—"The Gulf! Do you mean then that we are actually in the Gulf of St. Lawrence?"

Capt. Blane.—"Even so, young man."

Mary.—"Oh, joy! I must go and tell mamma and Rosalind. Come, Frank, make haste."

After two or three tumbles, Mary and Frank reached their mother, and they all began talking over their prospect of shortly seeing land on both sides.

Next day there was still more to amuse and occupy their attention. Gulls, and several other birds, hovered round the ship; the large herring gull especially, which was new to them. But the elegant little sea-snail called the nautilus, with its sail, which it veers according to its destined course, charmed all eyes; they were never weary of watching it.

On the following morning, at breakfast, the

captain came and told them, that they had entered the mouth of the river St. Lawrence.

"Then we have land on both sides," said Frank, jumping up to go on deck.

"No, no, my young friend," replied Captain Blane, "but the Island of Anticosta is near at hand, and you may soon see Point de Gaspe, if the weather clears."

This day, however, proved squally and rainy; so they were obliged to content themselves with talking over their future plans below.

In the course of the next night, they had passed Anticosta, and next morning had the pleasure of seeing land on each side of them, and believing, as Mary said, that they really were in a river, though the shores as yet appeared so dim and distant. Every day and hour now gave new and interesting features to the scene. Their view was bounded by lofty mountains, while the beautiful islands covered with wood, which they passed, were delightfully refreshing to eyes which had looked so long on sea and sky. They felt, too,—and the idea filled their minds,—that they were indeed approaching the shores of that great New World, of which they had heard and thought so much.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the 21st of May, our young voyagers were called on deck to take their first view of the city of Quebec, situated on a lofty rock overhanging the river (which is here about a mile broad), with its splendid harbour, capable of containing, as is supposed, above a hundred ships of the line. The western point of the beautiful Isle of Orleans was on their right, Point Levin on their left, and the Falls of Montmorency just perceptible through a break in the mountains.

So many thoughts and feelings crowded on the minds of the Fairfax family, that they remained a long time immoveable, with their eyes fixed on the splendid scene before them. The young ones full of hope and joy, their parents of thankfulness to Him, whose protecting hand had brought them thus far prosperously on their way—a tone of feeling which the others were not long in catching.

Mary was the first to break silence. "And so, we are not to land, papa? Well, I am very sorry for that, too—I am heartily tired of being cooped up in a ship, I do so long to stretch my legs and run about on shore—surely, papa, we might go, while they are moving our luggage into the steam-packet."

Mr. Fairfax.—"It would only tantalize you, for I could not remain five minutes; I must see to the removal of our luggage, so my little Mary must keep her patience a little longer. I have business at Montreal—there then we shall have the pleasure of feeling ourselves for a few days on *terra firma*."

No more was said about going on shore; the business of removing the luggage, &c. required all hands that could help. When every thing was ready, our young voyagers bade a grateful farewell to the captain of the *Anne*, the steward, and several other persons who had shewn them kindness during their voyage, and then stepped on board their steamer.

The change from their clean and roomy vessel to a crowded and dirty steamer, was not very pleasant, but they all felt that it was more tolerable towards the close of the voyage, than it would have been earlier in it. The younger part

of the party were not a little amused at the complaints made (in no very melodious sounds) by their live stock on this removal.

The voyage up the St. Lawrence was pleasant enough. Just beyond the town of Three Rivers, it expands to about two miles in width, and is called the Lake of St. Peter's; here, too, it is prettily studded with small woody islands.

They reached the city of Montreal by the end of the second day. It is impossible to describe their delight at feeling themselves once more on land, all declared—even Frank—that they had had enough of the sea for some time to come.

To none, however, was the refreshment of landing more seasonable than to Mrs. Fairfax, who had been unwell during the latter part of the voyage, and for whose sake it was determined to pass a week at Montreal, to recruit her for the long and fatiguing voyage she had still before her.

Their next place of destination was York, the capital of Upper Canada. Of the events of this voyage I shall only tell you, that they set forward in a batteau, or boat, the only kind of vessel in use for the next 160 miles, (in which every kind of inconvenience must be endured,) at the dismal rate of twenty miles a-day. They reached, in due time, the town of Prescott on the St. Lawrence,

where it again increases to the breadth of two miles ; here they found a steamer, ready to start for Kingston,—a large town at the mouth or opening into Lake Ontario.

They got in late at night, and next morning went on board a commodious steamer bound for York.

Leaving behind them the busy harbour of Kingston, crowded with stately vessels, they found themselves once again on a world of waters. Ontario lay stretched out before them, and in the course of a few hours, they lost sight of land. After a rough passage of several days, they landed safely at York, and were lodged in an hotel overlooking the lake.

As soon as Mr. Fairfax had settled his family at their inn, he went to find out the gentleman with whom he had been in correspondence, and who had undertaken to purchase for him a tract of land in an advantageous situation. This gentleman (who belonged to the Government), being anxious to accommodate so respectable a settler, had taken great pains to select a desirable location, as it is called ;—that is, a lot of ground well situated for healthiness, fertility, &c. A smaller tract adjoining was secured for William Sanders.

The arrangement of this business took up the remainder of this day, and the whole of the following. Meanwhile, Mrs. Fairfax, her children, and Sanders, were confined to their hotel, partly through the weather, and partly from illness. They had caught cold, and were, besides, so completely overcome by the fatigue they had latterly undergone, that they were glad to give themselves up entirely to repose.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the third day after their arrival at York, they all met for the first time together, at breakfast.

“Well, papa,” said Mary, “now the sun shines, and we are beginning to get comfortable. But when shall we leave this city? I hope we are not going to live here, though it is much better, to be sure, than our street in London, because we can see the waters of this fine lake.

Mr. Fairfax.—“I am as anxious to leave it as you can be, Mary, and I am going to-morrow far away into the forests, to prepare a home for you.”

Rosalind.—“Going to leave us? Dear papa, pray take us with you; we could live very well in wigwams, you know, for the summer.”

Mary.—“Oh, it would be charming! we should live like gipsies.”

Mr. Fairfax.—“You would not find it so charming, my Mary, as you fancy. You little

know what a wigwam is. Nevertheless, I must live in one, until I have had a log-house raised. I was advised to leave you all here for the summer, till I had cleared and sown a portion of my land, and settled all things comfortably for you: but your mamma will not hear of this, so I am now going with Gregory and the labourers I have hired, to prepare a bit of ground, and fence it off for the cattle, and then to raise a log-house immediately, leaving my other concerns till I have got you all around me. William Sanders will stay here, and take care of his own live stock and mine—including our children."

Rosalind.—"Nay, papa, do not rank us with your cows and pigs. But I hope you will not be long away."

Mary.—"For my part, I should like to go with you and help, more than any thing."

Frank.—"Ah, if papa would but take me!"

Mr. Fairfax.—"My boy, if I were to take you, I am afraid you would have to undergo an immense deal of fatigue and privation—more, perhaps, than you are as yet able to endure."

Frank.—"As for fatigue,—you know, papa, I could rest when I ~~was~~ tired; and as for difficulties, and privations, and all that,—you wish me to harden myself to such things, and you shall see,

if you will but let me go, that I can put up with them."

Mr. Fairfax.—"I do wish you to harden yourself to these things, Frank, and I am glad that you are not daunted by the thought of them; but let me hear what your mamma says to your proposal," he added, turning to Mrs. Fairfax, "if it makes her unhappy, we will not think further about it."

Mrs. Fairfax.—"To say that I like it entirely, would not be altogether true, but I will not gainsay it—on the contrary, I feel that I may safely entrust you to your dear father; and it will even be some comfort to me to know, that he has one of his family with him to cheer his labours. I trust, indeed, that our separation will be short; we are all, I hope, prepared to put up with annoyances and discomforts at first—and I dare say we shall find in the midst of them much also to enjoy."

"Oh, that I am sure we shall," was repeated by each of the younger members of the party. While Frank jumped over a bench for joy.

"Now I am going to be a back-woodsman," said he;—"papa, you will get me an axe, will you not? I wish we had a good stout dog too."

"Mr. Semper has kindly provided me with

one," said Mr. Fairfax. "He has given me a valuable dog of his own breeding, Gregory has him down below; but come, Frank, as this matter is settled by your dear mother, I must take you along with me, and provide you with a dress befitting the young woodsman."

The remainder of this day was spent in anxious preparation for the morrow. The parting with her husband and son, to undergo unknown difficulties and dangers, was perhaps the severest trial Mrs. Fairfax had had to encounter. But she kept her feelings locked up in her own heart, unwilling to add an anxious thought to the mind of her husband, or to damp the cheerful and enterprising spirit of her son; while she entrusted these dear objects of her affection to better care than her's,—to *One*, who is present in the forest as in the city—and in whose hands we are safe, whether we succeed, or whether we fail in our enterprises.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE tract of land which Mr. Fairfax had purchased, was far back in the new settlements, or rather beyond them ; but he had the advantage of water-carriage the greater part of the way, and he landed on the second evening with his party, at the new settlement called B ———, where they passed the night.

Early on the following morning they set forward on their land journey, in a small waggon drawn by a team of oxen, which Mr. Fairfax had purchased for his future use. Their provisions, their tools, and a change of clothes, were put in bags or wallets, because, during the latter part of their journey it was probable that they would have to carry them on their backs.

Their road, lying through lands partly cleared and partly forest, was bad enough. Mr. Fairfax, as well as Frank, wondered how they got on without an upset. Jolts,—which threw Frank across into his father's arms, were perpetually

occurring, as they passed over trees lying prostrate along the road—sometimes purposely thrown across, to fill up chasms or cracks in the ground.

But the novelty of the scenes through which they travelled was very interesting to Mr. Fairfax, and captivating to Frank. The clearing tracts, with their scattered wigwams, the busy labourers, the teams of oxen, and here and there the newly-raised log-houses, enclosed with tolerable neatness, and surrounded by pieces of land in nice cultivation, were cheering sights to them during their slow, and otherwise tedious journey. There were, however, it must be confessed, parts of these clearing scenes far less agreeable to our travellers;—tracts of ground not yet brought into cultivation, but strewed with fallen timber,—some in black masses, like piles of charcoal,—others, still darkening the sky with columns of smoke from their recent fires, and others, again, standing singly, bereft of all their honours, straight and tall pillars, like giants waiting to be felled; while the sudden crash of these mighty monuments shook the ground beneath them; and once, it must be confessed, brought poor Frank prostrate, with the suddenness of the shock.

Then again, they came on the dense forest—so dense that it sometimes only just admitted

their waggon, while at others, the fall of trees had opened beautiful vistas to relieve the eye.

This forest scenery was enchanting to Frank ; its new fresh foliage, varied by the buds and blossoms of such trees as had not yet burst into leaf, was rich and beautiful beyond any thing he had ever seen ; now and then, too, they crossed a shallow rapid stream which poured down from a neighbouring height,—for as they advanced, the country lost much of that flatness which is the common feature of Upper Canada.

Twenty miles through a country only very partially cleared, is a serious business, and it was near sunset when they arrived at a new settlement, scarcely to be called a village, consisting of a few scattered log-houses and a mill. They stopped to ask their way at the first of these dwellings which they came to ; it was well cleared around, and shaded only by a pleasant orchard, full of apple-trees, pears, peaches, &c. Some children were at play near the door, and a middle-aged woman was knitting in the porch. On seeing the party halt, she got up to go and speak to them, while the children ran shouting to the gate to stare at the new comers.

While they were speaking to the woman, the master of the family, who was at work with some

labourers close by, came forward and invited them in. Mr. Fairfax told him that he was the person who had bought that large tract of land which went by the name of "The Little Falls." The tract, he said, had been marked out for him by the government agent a few weeks only before; and he understood by the plan which had been sketched of it for his inspection, that it was bounded on this side by a river which falls over three successive points of rocks. I am anxious, he added, to procure a guide who can shew me the land, and I was told, that I should easily find one at the new settlement of Pratte Mill.

"I know it well," said the settler, "forasmuch as I was the person who went with Mr. Semper to post the land,—to place the landmarks I mean. But you cannot think of going on the land this evening, you will have much ado to get there in morning light, I promise you."

"I was just going to get supper for the master," said the mistress of the family; "you'll surely come in, and eat some, and get a night's lodging with us."

Mr. Fairfax thankfully accepted her hospitality for himself and Frank; but he said that he had several labourers with him for whom he should wish, first, to procure board and lodging.

The master told Mr. Fairfax, that he would willingly take them all in, and let them sleep in his barn, but that to be sure, there was a poor settler below, who would be glad to earn a trifle by letting a night's board and lodging. His people, he said, should shew them the way with the oxen.

This being all happily arranged, the good dame spread her clean cloth, and placed on the table her nice cakes of Indian corn, with a small cheese of her own making, some molasses, and a jug of home-brewed cider. She was a Scotch-woman, and her cheerful open manners delighted Frank; while his father was glad to pick up some useful information from her husband, a shrewd intelligent man, who came, he said, from the neighbourhood of Inverary. His family, he told Mr. Fairfax, had been well to do in the world, but had fallen with the times; and not choosing to stay and be starved out of their country, they sold their little property, and came out three years back. They had laboured hard, he said, and had many trials at first, but they were now beginning to thrive in the world, and he had sent for his wife's father and mother, to come and end their days in peace and plenty under his roof.

All this was very cheering to Mr. Fairfax, who was himself about to try the same anxious experiment.

Mr. Maclean gave him also some useful information about his own property, the soil, &c. &c. He told him that there was some barren rocky land a little beyond the Falls, which would, he thought, be a nice healthy spot for building on. "We prize such spots," said he, "in this forest country, where, till one has had time to clear about one a little, there is scarcely room to breathe."

He then told Mr. Fairfax that he would send a guide with them next day to shew the land; he would have gone himself, but it was so busy a time, that he could ill spare a day just then. As soon, however, as they had got together their building materials, he would "make a bee" to assist in raising their log-house.

Mrs. Maclean explained to Frank what her husband meant by "making a bee;" viz. that he would assemble a party of his neighbours for the raising.

The settler and his family kept early hours, every one was in his bed by nine o'clock, to rise again with the first peep of dawn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANK and his father were among the earliest who left their beds on the following morning. They took a hasty meal, and being joined by their guide and the labourers, they set forward, attended by the good wishes of their kind host and hostess, with whom they left their waggon and some of their stores.

Each carried a bag hung over one of his shoulders, and a few necessary tools over the other; while Frank took care to keep Hector, as he chose to call their dog, close to his side.

For the first three miles there was something like a road, and a few newly-arrived settlers were still further clearing it; so that Mr. Fairfax began to hope that by the time his family had occasion to move, a waggon or some kind of vehicle would be able to penetrate up to the Falls. As they advanced further, their way became more intricate; the ground was broken and irregular, in some parts, rocky; and here the forest was less

dense and more easy to penetrate. Such kind of walking, or rather of scrambling, neither Mr. Fairfax nor Gregory had ever before encountered; no wonder then that Frank, poor Frank, as the heat of the day came on, grew almost exhausted; his legs, too, were torn with brambles and stung with insects, but he said not a word of complaint.

At length the weary travellers heard a murmuring or rushing sound. "Ah," said Frank, "there is water near!" and he quickened his pace to reach the guide. "Do you hear it?"

"I do," replied the man, "we are not far from the Little Falls, as sure as I live; here we are indeed, on the master's boundary line." The whole party now hastened on, and having reached the top of the craggy height which they had been ascending, they saw a clear shallow stream running below them, frothing and foaming on its rocky bed. "That is your boundary line," said their guide, "do you see it winding along to the left? Can't you catch that silvery thread like, between the gaps in the forest, all along by the south and west?—within that lies your ground, and a pretty bit it is. Up here, you see, it's barren enough: a little higher up on this side, the stream falls, and that's the noise the youngster heard. There's a bit of barren rocky land up

there," continued the man, "that nothing hardly will grow on, and we thought to make the boundary line on the other side, as it was hardly money's worth; but Mr. Semper said, as you had got such a lot of the rich land, you would be glad of the poor bit, may be, seeing it's dry and clear to your hand, fit to breathe in like."

Mr. Fairfax, after breathing so long the dense and suffocating air of the forest at this season, felt more disposed to value this "barren bit," than all his rich acres.

As for poor Frank, he seemed to forget his fatigue and all his troubles in admiration of the wild scene before him. A tree had been thrown across the stream, and by means of this they passed over it; and following its windings a little higher up, they came suddenly to three low points of rock which cleft the stream, as it were, into three forks, and caused it to foam and splash about in a very picturesque way. Some pine-trees, hanging over a rocky ledge on one side of the falls, formed so inviting a shade, that Mr. Fairfax made his party sit down here and take some refreshment, before they proceeded on their labours.

"Frank," said his father, "you have borne up manfully this day; now bathe your legs in

these delicious waters ; see, the blood is streaming down them."

Frank was delighted with the permission, and the whole party, having refreshed themselves in this way, opened their bags to satisfy their hunger.

Mr. Fairfax soon dispatched his meal, and telling Frank to remain and rest a little longer, walked on to survey his new possessions, and deliberate on the first step to be taken. He did not deliberate long where to fix his future home. The piece of ground on which he was standing was a broad rocky eminence, rising a little above the sea of forests which surrounded it on three sides, and sheltered behind by some rocky crags. It seemed made for his purpose, watered as it was by the beautiful stream below. "Here I will raise my log-house," said he to himself, "near the shade of those tall pines." He turned back to join the men below, when he was met by Frank.

"Now, papa," said he, "I am ready for labour, good hard labour. Oh what a lovely spot ! How delighted Rosalind will be, and mamma, and Mary ! But what shall we do first ? The guide says we had better raise our shanty, that is the name he gives to a wigwam."

Mr. Fairfax said that they could not do better than follow his advice ; so the whole party fell to work, cutting stakes, and driving them into the ground. Two shanties were to be raised, one small one for Frank and his father, and a larger one for the labourers. They were to be fixed under the shelter of the rock, and the roof and sides were to be covered with bark, to make them weather-tight; one side was to be left open as an entrance.

The making these two little places for shelter, occupied them till late in the evening. While they were finishing off, Frank employed himself in cutting bundles of underwood for fuel. He then, for the first time in his life (but not till after several fruitless attempts), struck a light, and made a fire at a little distance in front of the shanties, to keep off any wild animals which might chance to invade their rest. Having done this, he put down some potatoes to roast, in order, as he said, that they might have something hot for supper.

When supper was over, they all knelt down, while Mr. Fairfax offered up an evening prayer—the first those wilds had ever heard. The men then went to their own place, and Frank, wrapping himself up in his blanket, was soon fast

asleep, in despite of thoughts about wolves, and snakes, and bears.

Mr. Fairfax watched for some time, keeping up their fire, and looking, from time to time, on the scene before him—on the strangely wild, but beautiful spot which was to be his future home. Many anxious thoughts, we may be sure, passed over his mind; but a good man never feels himself drawn nearer to his best Friend and Guide, than when placed in new and difficult situations. To this best Friend, and unerring Guide, the father committed his ways, and then stretched himself out, beside his own dutiful and beloved boy.

Mr. Fairfax had not long closed his eyes, before both he and Frank were awakened by a low growl from Hector. They both started up. "What is the matter, Hector—some intruder near?"

"Oh, papa," said Frank, "there is a man coming towards the fire! Look on one side of those thorn-bushes. Who can it be? Gregory, walking in his sleep?—No, it is a little short fellow—(look, look, papa)—with something dark thrown over him."

Mr. Fairfax laughed, and Hector barked again.

"Papa, why do you laugh? I really see a man."

"Frank," said Mr. Fairfax, still laughing, "I believe you really see a bear,—the black bear of the forests. You need not be alarmed, for he is said to be a cowardly animal, and seldom or never, I believe, attempts to attack any one. See, now Hector springs out, off he goes. Down, Hector, lie down here, and do not creep in to your young master again; you must guard us from without."

Both father and son were soon asleep again; and Frank slept so soundly, that neither the dazzling beams of the newly-risen sun, nor the cries of birds, foreign to an English ear, with a thousand other noises, had power to rouse him. At his father's call, however, he started up, and dressed himself with all speed.

This and the following day were spent in felling trees of a suitable size to cut into logs. A considerable quantity of these was required; for Mr. Fairfax not only proposed building a larger and more commodious house for his family than settlers usually begin with, but another also was to be raised, at a little distance, for William Sanders to inhabit, till his own ground should be sufficiently cleared to build on; at which time,

Mr. Fairfax's second dwelling-house would be converted into a barn,—a building of first-rate importance to a settler.

Frank's business was to clear the ground, designed for building, of its brushwood and brambles, which his father told him would be most expeditiously done by means of fire. Frank was glad of this ; he lit a fire and was pleased to see how quickly it did his work. After he had watched it out, he collected some underwood, and heaped it up for their bon-fire at night.

But Mr. Fairfax would not suffer Frank to overwork himself; he was satisfied with the proofs of activity and perseverance which he had shewn, and he now told him to take Hector and amuse himself, either near the stream, or in the forest, but not to be beyond call.

Hector and his young master bounded off to the stream, and amused themselves for some time in leaping over it ; fortunately for Mrs. Fairfax's future comfort, it was shallow, and Frank was obliged to go further down to find water deep enough even for Hector to swim in. Hector was then to make a path for his young master through the forest, and to find his way back when he had lost it. Hector, however, was sometimes too ready with his services : he

would put to the rout the strange new birds which Frank was delighted to look at, and still oftener the pretty little squirrels, which he would have liked to watch, as they gambolled in the trees.

One day it chanced, that Hector did his young master an important service. Frank had climbed a tree to look at a very curious nest, and was thinking how he should jump down again, when he heard Hector's short angry bark, at the foot of the tree ; he looked down ; Hector was evidently in great trouble, and endeavouring to attract his attention towards something below. It proved to be a snake, coiled up among the grass, on which he would most probably have stepped, but for this timely warning. He was thinking of what he should do, when his father, attracted by Hector's bark, came up and killed the reptile. Hector then angrily pawed it, shook it with all his might, and dragged it towards his young master, who was greatly diverted at the scene.

"What should you have done, Frank," said Mr. Fairfax, "if I had not come up?"

Frank.—"Why, papa, at first I felt afraid, and thought I would jump down and run away, taking my chance of keeping clear of the snake.

Then again, I felt ashamed of being frightened, and thought of breaking off a good thick stick, and aiming it at its head from this branch down here, and knocking it till I had killed it."

Mr. Fairfax.—"Well, my boy, the second thought was the best. As you are to be a forester, you must learn betimes to defend yourself from your enemies of the forest; I am glad, therefore, that you are not foolish enough to give way to idle fears, which prevent a boy from having the use of his senses, and therefore do *really* place him in danger."

Frank.—"And yet, papa, I remember, before we left London, when I ran to part Di and that great dog he was fighting with, you were not pleased, and, certainly, did not praise my courage."

Mr. Fairfax.—"In that case, Frank, you were either ignorant of the risk you ran, and, therefore, could not be said to exert courage,—or careless of it, which is rashness. True courage—the courage of civilized man, does not consist in being insensible to danger, but in being able and willing to encounter it, at the call of duty."

Frank.—"Or if accidentally thrown into danger, as I was just now, papa—"

Mr. Fairfax.—"To look it in the face, that you may see it as it really is,—divested of all imaginary terrors ; and then you will be able to take the best means of self-defence or escape, which your reason suggests. You did so, Frank, and therefore I called you courageous."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN all was prepared for the log-houses, one of the party was dispatched to claim farmer Maclean's promise of making a gathering of the nearest neighbours ; or, as they called it, a bee, to assist in raising them.

This messenger was also charged with a letter to Mrs. Fairfax, which Maclean was to send to B——, whence it would be regularly forwarded to her. Mrs. Fairfax was directed in this letter to embark with her family for B——, and there to remain till their habitation in the forest was fit to receive them.

Mr. Fairfax, Frank, and the two remaining labourers, worked hard to get every thing in readiness. They found plenty of loose masses of stone near the falls, which they removed, and placed in heaps for the chimneys. Mr. Fairfax determined to have them entirely of stone, instead of having a few only placed at the back, as is the common plan, and by which means the

logs communicating with the fire often catch. One of the men, who had been bred a mason, undertook this part of the business, while the others busied themselves in making an enclosure for the live stock, with a shed or two, to house them in at night.

On the following morning, the farmer and his neighbours arrived, and all hands went to work. The house was raised with all the attention to comfort which Mr. Fairfax could give under the circumstances. It was large, Maclean thought, much too large, for a man, his wife, and *only* five children,—large enough, he said, for a real good barn; a building which is held by the Canadian farmer to be of much greater importance than his house. It was divided into four rooms, the largest of which was the kitchen, a place of much traffic in a settler's family.

When it was finished, Frank,—who looked on this log-house in the wilds with far more admiration than a king on his newly-built palace,—expressed his joy by a bound over their fence; and the neighbours, who had assisted in raising it, by a loud cheer.

Being most of them family-men, they were obliged to return home, but they left a skilful hand among them to assist Mr. Fairfax's

labourers in raising the log-house which was to afford shelter to William Sanders and his family.

The next day Mr. Fairfax employed himself in filling up all the crevices in his walls with a plaster of mud or clay, making it thoroughly air and water tight, and here Frank was a great help to his father. They then set about making a table; and as Frank had often watched his friend, the carpenter, in London, he was able to assist his father here too. When it was finished, they looked at their work with much complacency, though it was, as Frank confessed, rather a clumsy affair; but Mr. Fairfax reminded Frank how much more clumsy it would have been, had they not had the advantage of having the boards ready split for them by a skilful hand. The next attempt was a bench to sit on; and these two articles of furniture, when placed in their largest room, gave it an air of comfort.

Frank's father now left him to assist his labourers, during the short remaining period of twilight, in completing the other house. Frank, left to himself, was not idle; he took care to light a large fire in the kitchen, and to put some of the cold pork, which the farmer had brought, on the table; so that when Mr. Fairfax and his

labourers returned, hungry and weary, from their work, they had the satisfaction of finding themselves in a log-room, with a blazing fire (very acceptable on a chill evening), a bench to sit on, and a table well covered with substantial food.

Mr. Fairfax could not consent to Frank's proposal of sleeping in their new house; as it had been fresh plastered he thought it best to rest content with their wigwam. The fire accordingly was again kindled before it for their protection, and they betook themselves to repose, sweet, and certainly well-earned by bodily labour.

On the morrow, the glass for their windows, with some other necessary articles which had been ordered for them by farmer Maclean, arrived. The cart which had brought these things, had come by a shorter track than that which Mr. Fairfax and Frank had been shewn; but it could only penetrate to about three miles from The Falls, and had been detained several times before, while the men set fire to the underwood in their way; he therefore turned his thoughts to the improvement of this road, or rather *track*, and determined to make the last three miles passable for a wheeled vehicle, and the rest of the way tolerably safe, before he allowed himself to think of removing Mrs. Fairfax and his children.

Leaving Gregory therefore, with one labourer, to superintend matters on the spot, he set forward with the others, to begin this new and arduous undertaking of making a road, or at least a passable way, through three miles of dense forest, in which he had enormous forest-trees, and not mere brushwood to contend with.

By means of fire and axe, however, they made their way. I shall not follow this part of the woodmen's labours. I will only tell of their close; and how Frank and Mr. Fairfax had the happiness, one fine Saturday morning, of finding themselves in the waggon which was returning to B——. Many times they stopped to make some improvement in the way, which retarded not a little their progress; and much did they grudge putting up at The Mills for the night, notwithstanding the hearty welcome they received from their kind, though newly-made friends.

The following day did, however, at last bring them to B——. Many hearts there were anxiously beating for them, and never, perhaps, had the shores of the lake echoed to sounds of so much joy, so much gratitude, as on that evening, when Frank and Mr. Fairfax, sun-burnt and tattered, found themselves in the arms of the mother and her children.

"Indeed, 'papa,'" said Mary (as soon as any one could speak), "I wonder we knew you;"—and she began feeling her father's cheeks as if she half suspected he had a mask on—"and your clothes, too, hanging about you like rags!"

"Dear Mary," said Frank, "when you come to see the kind of labour we have had, you will only wonder that we came back to you with any clothes at all. But, papa, I do feel tired now, very tired, though I told you when I first came in that I wanted no rest."

Mr. Fairfax.—"You were so excited by pleasure, that you did not know what you felt besides. But you have earned a good night's rest, and what is more, your mother's blessing, my boy. He has been a comfort and a help to me, my dear," continued Mr. Fairfax, turning to his wife; "he struggled manfully with difficulties, and was always ready to assist and cheer me."

"Bless you, my dear son," said Mrs. Fairfax; and she kissed his brown cheek as she spoke.

A tear of joy stood in Frank's eye. Half an hour afterwards he was sleeping profoundly.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER resting one day at B——, our emigrants set forward on their last journey—to their home in the wilds. They were moving soon after day-break, for they were anxious, if possible, to reach it the same evening.

Like the patriarchs of old, they were accompanied by their flocks and herds—their flocks, indeed, consisting only of a few sheep, and their herds, of three cows, some pigs, and the oxen which drew them. A huge machine, of the waggon kind, contained the two families; Mr. Fairfax, Sanders, and his eldest son, walking by turns. They were seated on their bedding, placed over the boxes, while round the waggon, hung baskets with food &c., a coop with live fowls, and various household utensils and implements of labour.

It required no small degree of dexterity to pack luggage of such various kinds, and to place the children so that they might not be liable to

be thrown out by the jolts they were likely to encounter on their new and rugged way. But in due time they were fairly seated, and the word given to "move onwards."

It was a bright and lovely morning; the air delightfully fresh, and every thing around, as Rosalind said, promising pleasure. When the sun rose higher, however, his beams were not so agreeable, and they were all glad to find themselves entering the deep shade of the uncleared forest. A gayer or more lovely forest-scene could scarcely be imagined,—the foliage still retaining the light tints of spring, while the dark masses of fir were relieved and contrasted by a variety of beautiful blossoming trees. As they passed under a canopy of tall and stately pines, meeting over their heads so as to screen them completely from the rays of the sun, Mary broke the silence which had prevailed since they entered the forest; she was seated between Frank and Rosalind, and she found it impossible to enjoy the wonderful and interesting objects around her any longer, without giving vent to her thoughts. "Frank, do look at these great immense trees we are coming under—papa says they are pines—the great Canadian pines, you know;—and what did you say this was, papa? Oh, the butter-nut, I remember. Frank,

I declare I saw a little creature jump on that bough; it was not a bird, for it had a long tail, it must be a squirrel—I wish we could catch it. Rosalind, do you hear that strange call? I wonder what bird it is. Frank, Frank, do catch at that beautiful bunch of flowers, and break it off for me. How lovely the prospect is! Rosalind, do you see that kind of opening in the forest?"

Rosalind.—"Yes, Mary; but I do not know how it is, I am more inclined to look, than to talk; every thing is so new and strange, as well as so lovely, I have not time for words."

Mary.—"Now as for me, I must be talking about all these things. Dear papa, do let me speak to you, mamma is afraid of waking Flora."

Just as Mr. Fairfax came round to his little daughter, a sudden pitch on one side which the waggon made, threw her out into his arms, and the rest of the party slid after her. Fortunately, no one was hurt, and the scene was so comical, that the forest resounded with peals of laughter, much increased by the angry screaming of chanticleer, and the cackling of his dames, as they and their prisons were dislodged and rolled on the ground,—together with the squeaking of the pigs, who also resented the fall of many baskets on their tender hides. The whole party seated

themselves on the ground, while Mr. Fairfax and Sanders, by means of their shoulders, raised the wheels from their perilous situation, and restored the waggon to its proper balance. They then remounted, but the good behaviour of their brute companions was at an end—this accident, as Frank said, seemed to have introduced confusion and disorder among them. The pigs were unruly, the feathered people noisy, and the cows disposed to stray into every green nook that they passed; and even Mary's kitten (a gift from their late hostess) having been roused from a comfortable nap in her young mistress's lap, became prying and impertinent round the hamper which contained their provisions. These little circumstances, however, did not interrupt the general good humour.

They stopped at the Mills for a few minutes, and thankfully received from Mrs. Maclean a draught of her new milk for the little ones, and some of her sparkling cider to refresh the rest of the party; but they refused to remain there, and to pursue their journey on the morrow, as she advised, for Mrs. Fairfax had no thought or desire of rest, till they should find themselves at their new home.

The sun was just setting, when our emigrants

arrived near the banks of the little stream which bounded their domain. Some planks had been thrown across it by Gregory's care, for the convenience of the party. How every young heart beat with pleasure as their waggon stopped, and they dismounted one by one! Little Maurice and Flora, who had for some time past, slumbered profoundly, were carried across, while the rest of the party followed, under Frank's guidance, and made their way up the craggy path which led to the rocky heights where their home was raised. Mattresses and blankets were soon unpacked from the waggon, and spread in their new dwelling, that Mrs. Fairfax might place her two sleeping darlings in safety and comfort; after which, she and Sanders proceeded to make necessary arrangements for the night.

As for Frank, Rosalind, and Mary, they had no thoughts of sleep. It was a lovely mild evening, and Frank led them to the projecting ledge of rock, which overhung the stream about two feet, where he and his father had first rested their weary limbs on their former journey. He had called it Cape Repose—and certainly nothing disputed its claim to that title, excepting, perhaps, the splashing of the stream below, as it fell over some loose fragments of rock.

Gregory had gathered them a basket of strawberries from the forest, which they brought, together with Mrs. Maclean's present of Indian corn cakes, to this favoured spot; it was delightful to sit and look around them, and indulge the joyful thoughts which made their young hearts bound within them; it was pleasant to stoop down and fill their little drinking-horns from the clear and cool waters below. "It is as pure and delicious as nectar, papa," said Mary, offering some to her father, who was standing near, enjoying the happiness of the little group, and admiring the beauty of their chosen spot. "It is, I am sure, Mary," he replied, as he put it to his lips, "and I will soon come and ask you for some more; but just now, my labours being ended, I am refreshing myself with my own meditations."

Many thoughts came into the mind of the father as he walked alone, or leaning against a tree, looked at the wild scene before him; but he was no longer sad or solitary, for he had his dearest earthly treasures gathered round him. Yet was there room for many an anxious thought; to him, this little colony in the wilds was entrusted by Providence; to him they must look up for care and counsel,—for the directing mind *as well as the strong arm*; but he did not shrink

from the thought, for he felt within himself those powers which make a man independent of the station in which he happens to be born, and he had always been accustomed to use them, as one who feels that he must give an account of them hereafter.

It was not long before he joined his children. Frank had fetched his mother, that she might enjoy, he said, a glimpse of their beautiful new country before she slept, and then have their evening prayer together in this peaceful spot.

Mr. Fairfax detained them a little longer. "My children," said he, "I think you will not easily forget the events of this past year."

"No, indeed, papa," said Rosalind; "yet I scarcely like to look back on them, because we had a good deal of pain, though I am sure we had also a good deal of pleasure; but I think we are improved by all our troubles, at least I hope so."

Frank.—"Yes, Rosalind, thanks to papa and mamma, who taught us how to profit by them; I feel as if I were really a better kind of person, less like a mere boy."

Mr. Fairfax.—"I believe so, my dear children; I trust we are all improved and improving under our Master's guidance. Thank God, we now seem to have arrived at the end of most of

our worldly troubles, and to possess in those rich acres, and this pure air, the materials for carving out, by means of patience and perseverance, our future well-doing."

Frank.—"We may be said, then, to have conquered our fortune, papa."

Mr. Fairfax.—"No, Frank, this is the heathen's boast, who therein fancies he has conquered a deity opposed to his happiness. We have been taught better things; but we will rejoice and be grateful in the thought that we have profited by our REVERSES."

THE END.



